



There came a tremendous rap at the door
(Page 136)

THE REALM OF READING

General Editor

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BOOK THREE

GOLDEN TALES

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BOOK III. Golden Tales.

BOOK IV. High Adventure.

BOOK V. Tales and Ventures.

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PREFACE

The books in this series of literary readers have two primary objects — to help children towards the acquisition of reading as an art, and to introduce them to the realm of good literature. The first of these aims is inevitably the more prominent in Books I and II, while in Books III, IV, and V the second comes to the fore-front, and the child is led to the realization that in books there is a vast and delightful world to explore.

The material in all five books has been carefully chosen and skilfully graded (where necessary, adapted) to suit the needs of both boys and girls whose mental age is between seven (plus) and eleven (plus). While all the lessons are calculated to appeal to the child's interests, there is none that is merely a pretty story or poem. The Editor has aimed at increasing the intellectual activity of the children — at widening their interests as well as catering for them.

Books I and II contain a careful blend of everyday stories, folk tales, fables, animal stories, and a few tales of that "fairyland" which even the most sophisticated of children still find entrancing. Book III has a wide selection of valuable passages from classic books like *Black Beauty* and *The Water Babies*, and from the works of such modern writers as Enid Blyton, Marion St. John Webb, Ernest Thompson Seton, and A. E. Coppard. In Books IV and V the range widens and there is a judicious blend of fiction, travel, humour, folklore, &c., by authors like Charles Lamb, Hugh Walpole, A. A. Milne, Sven Hedin, Conan Doyle, Owen Wister, Captain Marryat, E. F. Benson, F. D. Ommannney, Neil Munro, Rabindranath Tagore, Sir James Jeans, and Mark Twain.

The poetry lessons in all five books are designed to lead children to a true appreciation of lyric poetry. Books IV and V have several short passages of rhythmic prose.

RS 2-50

Provision is made in each of the five books for requirements in dramatic reading.

The exercises are calculated to test the intelligent grasp of the extract and its challenge to the child for response in speaking, writing, and action. Vigorous individual work is required from the children, but technical and grammatical questions have been avoided so that appreciation and enjoyment will remain uppermost in their minds.

All five books are adequately illustrated — Books I and II in full colour throughout.

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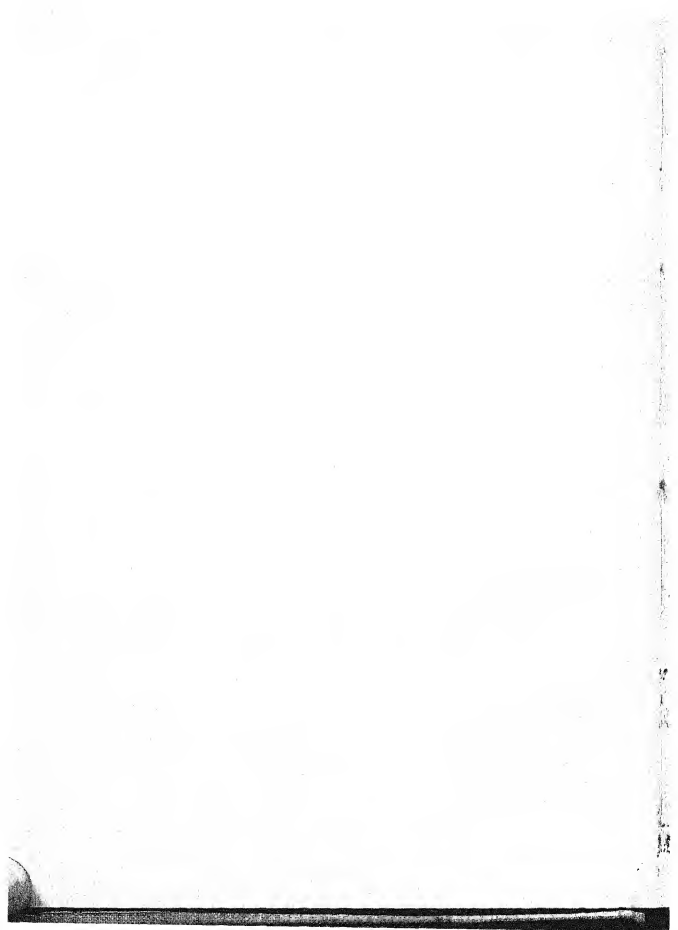
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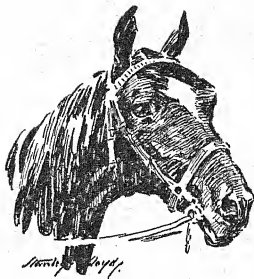
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The Fire

AS TOLD BY THE HORSE
BLACK BEAUTY

My master and mistress decided to pay a visit to some friends who lived about forty-six miles from our home, and James was to drive them.

The first day we travelled thirty-two miles; there were some long, heavy hills, but James drove so carefully and thoughtfully that we were not at all harassed. He never forgot to put on the drag as we went downhill, nor to take it off at the right place. He kept our feet on the smoothest part of the road; and if the uphill was very long, he set the wheels a little across the road so that

the carriage should not run back, and gave us breathing time. All these little things help a horse very much, particularly if he gets kind words into the bargain.

We stopped once or twice on the road; and just as the sun was going down, we reached the town where we were to spend the night. We stopped at the principal hotel, a very large one in the Market Place. We drove under an archway into a long yard, at the farther end of which were the stables and coach-houses.

Two ostlers came to take us out. The head ostler was a pleasant active little man, with a crooked leg and a yellow striped waistcoat. I never saw a man unbuckle harness so quickly as he did; and then with a pat and a good word he led me to a long stable with six or eight stalls in it and two or three horses. The other man brought Ginger (the horse who was my companion), and James stood by whilst we were rubbed down and cleaned.

Later on in the evening, a traveller's horse was brought in by the second ostler, and whilst he was cleaning him, a young man with a pipe in his mouth lounged into the stable to gossip.

"I say, Towler," said the ostler, "just run up the ladder into the loft and bring down some

hay into this horse's rack, will you? Only first lay down your pipe."

"All right," said the other, and went up through the trap-door; and I heard him step across the floor overhead and put down the hay. James came to look at us the last thing, and then the door was locked.

I cannot say how long I had slept, nor what time in the night it was, but I woke up feeling very uncomfortable, though I hardly knew why. I got up; the air seemed all thick and choking. I heard Ginger coughing, and one of the other horses moved about restlessly. It was quite dark, and I could see nothing; but the stable was full of smoke, and I hardly knew how to breathe.

The trap-door had been left open, and I thought that was the place from which the smoke came. I listened and heard a soft, rushing sort of noise, and a low crackling and snapping. I did not know what it was, but there was something in the sound so strange that it made me tremble all over. The other horses were now all awake; some were pulling at their halters, others were stamping.

At last I heard steps outside, and the ostler who had put up the traveller's horse burst into the stable with a lantern, and began to untie the



Fire!

horses, and try to lead them out; but he seemed in such a hurry, and was so frightened himself, that he frightened me still more. The first horse would not go with him; he tried the second and the third, but they too would not stir. He came to me next and tried to drag me out the stall by force; of course that was no use. He tried us all by turns and then left the stable.

No doubt we were very foolish, but danger seemed to be all around; there was nobody whom we knew to trust in, and all was strange and uncertain. The fresh air that had come in through the open door made it easier to breathe, but the rushing sound overhead grew louder, and as I looked upward, through the bars of my empty rack, I saw a red light flickering on the wall. Then I heard a cry of "Fire!" outside, and the old ostler came quietly and quickly in. He got one horse out, and went to another; but the flames were playing round the trap-door, and the roaring overhead was dreadful.

The next thing I heard was James's voice, quiet and cheery, as it always was.

"Come, my beauties, it is time for us to be off, so wake up and come along." I stood nearest the door, so he came to me first, patting me as he came in.

“Come, Beauty, on with your bridle, my boy; we’ll soon be out of this smother.” It was on in no time; then he took the scarf off his neck, and tied it lightly over my eyes, and, patting and coaxing, he led me out of the stable. Safe in the yard, he slipped the scarf off my eyes, and shouted: “Here somebody! Take this horse while I go back for the other.”

A tall, broad man stepped forward and took me, and James darted back into the stable. I set up a shrill whinny as I saw him go. Ginger told me afterwards that that whinny was the best thing I could have done for her, for had she not heard me outside, she would never have had the courage to come out.

There was much confusion in the yard; the horses were being got out of other stables, and the carriages and gigs were being pulled out of houses and sheds, lest the flames should spread farther. On the other side of the yard windows were thrown open, and people were shouting all sorts of things; but I kept my eye fixed on the stable door, where the smoke poured out thicker than ever, and I could see flashes of red light.

Presently I heard above all the stir and din a loud, clear voice, which I knew was master’s:

“James Howard! James Howard! are you

there?" There was no answer, but I heard a crash of something falling in the stable, and the next moment I gave a loud, joyful neigh, for I saw James coming through the smoke, leading Ginger with him; she was coughing violently and he was not able to speak.

"My brave lad!" said master, laying his hand on his shoulder, "are you hurt?"

James shook his head, for he could not speak.

"Ay," said the big man who held me, "he is a brave lad, and no mistake."

"And now," said master, "when you have got your breath, James, we'll get out of this place as quickly as we can."

We were moving towards the entry when from the Market Place there came the sound of galloping feet and loud rumbling wheels.

"'Tis the fire-engine! The fire-engine!" shouted two or three voices. "Stand back; make way!" and clattering and thundering over the stones two horses dashed into the yard with the heavy engine behind them. The firemen leaped to the ground; there was no need to ask where the fire was—it was torching up in a great blaze from the roof.

We got out as fast as we could into the broad, quiet Market Place. The stars were shining, and,

except for the noise behind us, all was still. Master led the way to a large hotel on the other side, and as soon as the ostler came, he said: "James, I must now hasten to your mistress; I trust the horses entirely to you; order whatever you think is needed;" and with that he was gone. The master did not run, but I never saw mortal man walk so fast as he did that night.

The next morning the master came to see how we were and to speak to James. I did not hear much, for the ostler was rubbing me down; but I could see that James looked very happy, and I thought the master was proud of him.

—ANNA SEWELL: *Black Beauty* (Adapted).







"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom



Tom, the Water-baby

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great town in the North Country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep; and he never washed himself.

One day Tom found himself in the middle of a meadow with a stream just before him. He lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear lime-stone water, with every pebble at the bottom

bright and clean, while the silver trout dashed about in fright at the sight of his black face; and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said: "I will be a fish; I will swim in the water; I must be clean, I must be clean."

Just before Tom came to the river-side, the Queen of the Fairies had stepped down into the cool, clear water, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and bore her away.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves. I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here. But mind, maidens, he must not see you, or know that you are here. He is but a savage now, and he must learn. So you must not play with him, or speak to him, or let him see you; but only keep him from being harmed."

Then the fairies were sad, because they could not play with their new brother, but they always did what they were told.

All this Tom, of course, never saw or heard; and perhaps if he had it would have made little difference; for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself into the clear cool stream.

He had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep; and he dreamed about the green meadows and the tall elm trees, and the sleeping cows, and after that he dreamed of nothing at all. The reason of his falling into such a delightful sleep is very simple; and yet hardly anyone has found it out. It was merely that the fairies took him.

Tom, when he woke, found himself about four inches long and swimming in the stream. In fact, the fairies had turned him into a water-baby.

Tom felt himself quite at home in the water, and what is better still, he was clean.

He did not remember any of his old troubles—being tired, or hungry, or sent up dark chimneys. Since that sweet sleep, he had forgotten all that had happened to him when he lived before.

Tom was very happy in the water. He had nothing to do now but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

What did he live on? Water-cresses, perhaps; or perhaps water-gruel, and water-milk.

Sometimes he went along the smooth gravel waterways, looking at the crickets which run in



and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land. Sometimes he came to a deep, still reach; and there he saw the water-forests. They would have looked to you only little weeds; but Tom, you must remember, was so little that everything looked a hundred times as big to him as it does to you.

In the water-forest he saw the water-monkeys and water-squirrels, and nimbly enough they ran among the branches. There were water-flowers there, too, in thousands — bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers of all beautiful shapes and colours; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was.

So now he found that there was a great deal more in the world than he had fancied.

There was one wonderful little fellow, too, who peeped out of the top of a house built of round bricks. He had two big wheels, and one little one, all over teeth, spinning round and round like the wheels in a thrashing machine. And what do you think he was doing? Brick-making. With his two big wheels he swept together all the mud which floated in the water: he put it into the little wheel on his breast, which really was a round hole set with teeth; and there he spun it into a neat, hard, round brick; and then he took it and stuck it on the top of his house wall. Now was not he a clever little fellow?

Tom thought so: but when he wanted to talk to him, the brickmaker was much too busy and proud of his work to take notice of him.

Under a bank Tom saw a very ugly, dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself, which had six legs, and a funny head with two great eyes, and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh," said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow to be sure!"

When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey-face came off in a moment, and out popped a long

arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose.

"Yah! ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he let go. "Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. I *will* split!"

He swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last — crack, puff, bang — he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head.

Out of his inside came the most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom; but very pale and weak. It moved its legs very feebly; and looked about it half ashamed, and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word; but he stared with all his eyes. He went to the top of the water, too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

As the creature sat in the warm, bright sun, a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm; the most lovely colours began to show

on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings; out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze; and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

"Oh, you beautiful creature!" said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirled up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again beside Tom quite fearless.

"No!" it said, "you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine, and hawk over the river, and catch gnats." And he flew away into the air, and began catching gnats.

"Oh, come back, come back," cried Tom. "I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you."

"I don't care whether you do or not," said the dragon-fly; "for you can't. But when I have had my dinner, and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back, and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!"

It was only a big dock; but, you know, the

dragon-fly had never seen any but little water-trees; so it did look very big to him.

The dragon-fly did come back, and chatted away to Tom. He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him, for he had forgotten all about them. So, in a little while, they became great friends.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY: *The Water Babies* (Adapted).

When Fairies have a Picnic

When fairies have a picnic they always tidy up;
It would be a disgraceful thing to leave a broken cup.
They roll up bits of paper, and hide the orange-skin,
And find a most convenient hole to put the rubbish in!

When fairies have a picnic they see the fire is out,
For fear that Brother Wind may come and scatter it about.
They leave a pile of brushwood, as that is nice and dry,
For other picnic people who are certain to pass by!

When fairies have a picnic they never break the trees,
They smooth the grass and daisy-buds as gently as you
please,
And packing up their baskets they softly steal away,
And leave the place all beautiful for some one else to play!

—FLORENCE HOATSON.

Rumpelstiltskin

CHARACTERS

THE KING.

THE DWARF.

THE MILLER.

THE NURSE.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

COURTIERS.

SCENE I

[The King is sitting on his throne, and round him are the lords and ladies of the court. They are talking together.]

King. This is very extraordinary! A girl who can spin straw into gold! Who is this wonderful person?

Courtier. The Miller's daughter, Your Majesty. The footman overheard him tell the baker that his daughter was so clever that she could spin gold out of straw without any difficulty.

King. Amazing! I must see this girl. *(To Courtiers)* Where is the Miller?

Courtier. In the courtyard, Your Majesty.

King. Tell him to come here. *[Exit Courtier.]*
If this strange story be true, I shall certainly



make the girl spin gold for me. (*Greedily*) I shall be rich beyond my wildest dreams! She shall spin me bags and bags of gold.

[*Enter Courtier with the Miller, who looks nervously round, and then approaches the throne.*]

King. Are you the Miller, fellow?

Miller (timidly). Yes, Your Majesty.

King. You have a daughter I am told—a very beautiful girl.

Miller. Yes, Your Majesty—she is very beautiful.

King. I am told that she can spin gold out of straw. Is this true?

Miller (looking round in a frightened manner). She—she is very clever, Your Majesty, and—and I think—I am sure she could spin straw into gold, Your Majesty.

King. Then I must certainly see her. Bring her to the Court to-morrow. I have need of much gold, and shall reward her well for her work.

Miller. If it please Your Majesty, I ——

King (interrupting). Away fellow! Do as you are bid.

[*Exit Miller.*

(*To Courtiers*) Prepare a room for the Miller's daughter. See that there is straw in readiness for her task. She shall spin gold until I am the richest king in the world!

SCENE II

[*A small room in the palace. The Miller's daughter sits weeping bitterly. Beside her is a heap of straw and a spinning-wheel.*]

Miller's Daughter. Oh; why did my father boast so foolishly? I do not know how to spin straw into gold. What shall I say when the King comes

to see my work finished? Alas, what shall I do? What shall I do? (*She weeps more despairingly than before.*)

[*Suddenly the door opens and a strange, dwarf-like little man hobbles in. He approaches the unhappy girl.*]

Dwarf. Good day, fair maiden. Why are you crying?

Miller's Daughter. Alas, I must spin this straw into gold before evening, and I know not how to do it.

Dwarf. Suppose I do it for you. What will you give me?

Miller's Daughter (eagerly). My necklace (*showing it to him*).

Dwarf. Very well. In less than five minutes I shall return with the work done.

[*Exit Dwarf, carrying the straw with him.*]

Miller's Daughter. Can this queer little man really help me? Oh, how I hope he is not boasting idly as my father did! What an unhappy girl I am!

[*Re-enter Dwarf, carrying the gold.*]

Oh, how beautiful! How clever you are! I can never thank you enough for helping me. There is my gold necklace.

Dwarf (taking the necklace). You may need my help again, lady. Till then, farewell.

[Exit Dwarf.]

Miller's Daughter (taking up the gold and examining it excitedly). Real gold! Surely this will satisfy the King, and he will let me go home to my father.

[Enter the King, who looks eagerly at the gold.]

King. You have finished, I see *(taking up the gold)*. And all this gold is for me; all mine to spend as I like. I shall have finer clothes, and richer banquets, and you, child, shall be given two beautiful dresses as a reward.

Miller's Daughter. Please, Your Majesty —

King. There, there, child, run along and rest. To-morrow I shall want more gold spun, and you will have to start very early.

[The King is still examining the gold as the Miller's Daughter leaves the room.]

SCENE III

[The same room, in which is a larger pile of straw. The King enters, followed by the Miller's Daughter.]

King. I have a bigger task for you to-day. Here is another, larger pile of straw for you to

spin into gold. All this must be done to-night, and if you succeed you shall be my Queen.

[Exit King.]

Miller's Daughter (*wringing her hands in despair*). Oh, what shall I do now? The King will kill me when he finds out that I cannot spin straw into gold.

[Enter Dwarf.]

Dwarf. Do you need my help again, lady? What will you give me this time if I do your work for you?

Miller's Daughter. Alas, I have nothing left.

Dwarf. If you will give me your first child when you are Queen, I will help you again.

Miller's Daughter (*thinking aloud*). Perhaps this little dwarf will forget my promise. (*To the Dwarf*) I will promise anything you wish if only you will help me.

Dwarf. Very well—only remember!

[Exit Dwarf with the straw.]

Miller's Daughter. Alas! What have I promised? To give up my first child! I know not what the King will say. But he must never know how I have deceived him.

[Re-enter Dwarf.]

Dwarf. The work is done, lady. My reward



W. D. Johnston

"What will you give me?"

will come later. I shall claim it, I promise you!
Farewell. [Exit Dwarf.]

[*The Miller's Daughter examines the gold half sorrowfully as she remembers the price she has paid for it.*]

[*Enter King and Courtiers.*]

King (surprised). Finished so soon? How well you must have worked, child. You have indeed earned your reward, for you have made me the richest king in the world.

Miller's Daughter. Your Majesty does me great honour.

1st Courtier (who has been looking at the gold). Gold! And made from straw! This is really extraordinary.

2nd Courtier. Wonderful! The miller certainly spoke the truth.

King. Now, let us prepare for the wedding. The miller's daughter shall be my Queen!

1st Courtier. Indeed, Your Majesty, you could not find a cleverer maiden.

King. You speak truly. Let preparations be made for the finest feast that has ever been known. Come, my dear, to-morrow will be our wedding day.

[*Exit King, Miller's Daughter, and Courtiers.*]

SCENE IV

[*A room in the Palace, two years later. The Miller's Daughter, now a Queen, is sitting on a chair, rocking her baby to sleep. The child's nurse is standing by the cradle, arranging the clothes in readiness. To the nursery rhyme tune of "Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree Top", the Queen is singing.*]

Rock-a-bye, baby, close your blue eyes,
Mother will sing to you sweet lullabies,
Float into dreamland, nought need you fear,
Nothing can harm you — Mother is here.

[*Enter the Dwarf. The Queen starts up in terror.*]

Dwarf. I have come to remind you of your promise, Your Majesty. The baby Prince is mine, as you agreed two years ago.

Queen. Oh, no, no! You cannot take my baby from me. Good little dwarf, take my bracelets, take my jewels, take my crown, but leave me the little prince.

Dwarf. I hold you to your promise, Your Majesty.

Queen (*slipping on to her knees*). Good, kind

little dwarf, all the treasures in the kingdom are yours if only you will let me keep my son. Choose what you will; there is nothing I will not give you.

Dwarf (pausing and thinking). I will give you one chance. If, by nine o'clock to-night, you can guess my name, you shall keep your child.

Queen. Guess your name? That does not sound very difficult. Is it Timothy?

Dwarf. That's not my name.

Queen. Is it Benjamin or Samuel or John?

Dwarf. Those are not my names.

Queen (thinking hard). Is it Alexander or Jeremiah or Paul?

Dwarf (rather slyly). No, not one of those is my name. Perhaps Your Majesty would like time to think. Whenever you want me I will come back. *[Exit Dwarf.]*

Queen (turning to Nurse). Oh, Nurse, what *can* his name be? Suppose I cannot think of the right one! What can it possibly be?

Nurse. Perhaps it is a comical name, Your Majesty. Do you think it could be Hunch-back or Bandy-legs?

Queen. Oh yes! I think perhaps you are right. I wish he would come back so that I might ask him.



[Immediately the Dwarf enters and stands in front of the Queen, with his arms folded.]

Dwarf. You wanted me, Your Majesty? Have you guessed my name?

Queen (hopefully). Is it Bandy-legs?

Dwarf. That's not my name.

Queen. Is it Hunch-back or Red Cap?

Dwarf. Neither of those is my name.

Queen. Can it be Crook-shanks or Long Beard?

Dwarf (triumphantly). My name is not either of those.

Queen. Oh dear, I cannot think of any more.

Dwarf. Your Majesty has a little while longer; only a little while. (*He goes to the door, pausing as he reaches it.*) Till nine o'clock, Your Majesty.

[*Exit Dwarf.*]

Queen. I wonder what his name can be. Oh, Nurse, think hard; the time is getting so short. (*They both think deeply.*)

Nurse (looking up). I cannot think of any other name, Your Majesty, but I have just remembered a very curious thing that happened yesterday. I was climbing a high hill near the Palace, when I came upon a little hut. In front of the hut burnt a fire, and round the fire a strange little man was singing and dancing. I crept closer and listened, and presently I heard what he sang:

Merrily the feast I'll make,
To-day I'll brew, to-morrow bake;
Merrily I'll dance and sing,
For next day will a stranger bring;
A lovely babe, with bright blue eyes,
Rumpelstiltskin claims his prize.

Queen (jumping for joy). Oh, that is his name.

I am sure of it! Come quickly little dwarf, I am ready for you now!

[*Enter Dwarf.*]

Dwarf. Have you thought of my name?

Queen. Is it Tom?

Dwarf. That's not my name.

Queen. Is it Peter?

Dwarf. That's not my name.

Queen. Can your name be Rumpelstiltskin?

Dwarf (shrieking with rage and stamping furiously on the floor). Some witch told you that! Some witch told you that! You never guessed it yourself! Some witch told you my secret!

[*Exit Dwarf angrily, waving his arms in the air and shouting.*]

Queen (laughing). Thank you, Nurse, thank you. But it wasn't a witch who found out his secret, was it?

[*They both go to the cradle, and the Queen kneels by it and sings softly.*]

Rock-a-bye, baby, close your blue eyes,
Mother will sing to you sweet lullabies;
Float into dreamland, nought need you fear,
Nothing has harmed you; Mother is here.

—M. O. JACKSON (*dramatized from the story by Grimm.*)

All Round Peter's Year

"It's hard to get up in the Winter,"

Said Peter MacI.,

And tucking the counterpane round him,

Continued to lie.

"It won't be so cold in the Summer,"

He said with a sigh.

"And then when the sun has just scattered the dark

I'll throw off the clothes and get up with the lark,

For no one's so sleepy," I heard him remark,

"In June or July."

"It's hard to get up in the Summer,"

Said Peter MacI.,

And turning his head on the pillow,

Continued to lie.

"It won't be so hot in the Winter,"

He said with a sigh.

"And then when the frost is on meadow and lawn

I'll bound out of bed at the peep of the dawn,

For no one's so sleepy," he cried with a yawn,

"When Christmas is nigh."

—JOHN LEA.

Little Lord Fauntleroy

I

Cedric himself, who lived in New York, knew nothing whatever about it. It had never been even mentioned to him. He knew that his father had been an Englishman, because his mother had told him so; but then his father had died when he was so little a boy that he could not remember very much about him.

As he grew older, he had a great many quaint little ways which amused and interested people greatly. He was so much of a companion for his mother that she scarcely cared for any other. They used to walk together and talk together and play together. When he was quite a little fellow he learned to read; and after that he used to lie on the hearth-rug, in the evening, and read aloud—sometimes stories, and sometimes big books such as older people read, and sometimes even the newspaper; and often at such times Mary, in the kitchen, would hear Mrs. Errol laughing with delight at the quaint things he said.

Mary was very fond of him, and very proud of him, too. She had been with his mother ever since he was born; and, after his father's death, had been cook and house-maid and nurse and everything else. She was proud of his graceful, strong little body and his pretty manners, especially proud of the bright curly hair which waved over his forehead and fell in charming love-locks on his shoulders. She was willing to work early and late to help his mother to make his small suits and keep them in order.

Cedric did not know that he looked like a young lord; he did not know what a lord was. His greatest friend was the groceryman at the corner—the cross groceryman, who was never cross to him. His name was Mr. Hobbs, and Cedric admired and respected him very much. He thought him a very rich and powerful person, he had so many things in his store—prunes and figs and oranges and biscuits—and he had a horse and wagon.

When Cedric was between seven and eight years old, a very strange thing happened which made so wonderful a change in his life. It had been a hot morning, and after playing soldiers with some friends of his, Cedric had gone into the store to rest. In the midst of his conversation



Mary comes for Cedric

with Mr. Hobbs, Mary appeared, and told him that his mother wanted him.

When he reached his own house there was a carriage standing before the door, and someone was in the parlour talking to his mother. Mary hurried him upstairs and put on his best summer suit of cream-coloured flannel with the red scarf around the waist, and combed out his curly locks. He then ran downstairs and went into the parlour. A tall, thin, old gentleman with a sharp face was sitting in an arm-chair. His mother was standing near by with a pale face, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh! Cedric!" she cried out, and ran to her little boy and caught him in her arms and kissed him in a little frightened, troubled way. "Oh! Cedric, darling!"

The tall old gentleman rose from his chair and looked at Cedric with his sharp eyes. He rubbed his thin chin with his bony hand as he looked.

"And so," he said at last slowly, "and so this is little Lord Fauntleroy."

Little Lord Fauntleroy

II

There was never a more amazed little boy than Cedric during the week that followed; there was never so strange or so unreal a week.

In the first place, the story his mother told him was a very curious one. He was obliged to hear it two or three times before he could understand it. It began with earls; his grandfather, whom he had never seen, was an earl; and his eldest uncle, if he had not been killed by a fall from his horse, would have been an earl, too, in time; and after his death, his other uncle would have been an earl, if he had not died suddenly in Rome. After that, his own father, if he had lived, would have been an earl; but since they all had died and only Cedric was left, it appeared that *he* was to be an earl after his grandfather's death—and for the present he was Lord Fauntleroy.

"Oh! Dearest!" he said, "I should rather not be an earl. None of the boys are earls. Can't I *not* be one?" (Cedric always called his mother "Dearest".)

His grandfather had sent for him to come to England, and his mother thought he must go.

"Because," she said, looking out of the window with sorrowful eyes, "I know your father would wish it to be so, Cedric. He loved his home very much; and there are many things to be thought of that a little boy can't quite understand. I should be a selfish little mother if I did not send you. When you are a man you will see why."

When Mr. Havisham—who was the family lawyer of the Earl of Dorincourt, and who had been sent by him to bring Lord Fauntleroy to England—came the next day, Cedric heard many things. But, somehow, it did not console him to hear that he was to be a very rich man when he grew up, and that he would have castles here and castles there, and great parks and deep mines and grand estates.

"There is an advantage in being an earl, sometimes," said Mr. Havisham slowly, and he fixed his shrewd eyes on the little boy with a rather curious expression. "Some earls have a great deal of money."

He was curious, because he wondered if his young friend knew what the power of money was.

"That's a good thing to have," said Cedric

innocently. "I wish I had a great deal of money."

"Do you?" said Mr. Havisham. "And why?"

"Well," explained Cedric, "there are so many things a person can do with money. You see, there's the apple-woman. If I were very rich I should buy her a little tent to put her stall in, and a little stove, and then I should give her a dollar every morning it rained, so that she could afford to stay at home. And then—oh! I'd give her a shawl. And, you see her bones wouldn't feel so badly. Her bones are not like our bones; they hurt her when she moves. It's very painful when your bones hurt you."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Havisham. "And what else would you do if you were rich?"

"Oh! I'd do a great many things. Of course I should buy Dearest all sorts of beautiful things: needle-books and fans and gold thimbles and rings, and a carriage, so that she needn't have to wait for the street-cars. If she liked pink silk dresses, I should buy her some, but she likes black best. But I'd take her to the big stores, and tell her to look around and choose for herself. And then Dick——"

"Who is Dick?" asked Mr. Havisham.

"Dick is a boot-black," said his young lordship, quite warming up in his interest in plans

so exciting. "He is one of the nicest boot-blacks you ever knew. He stands at the corner of a street. I've known him for years. Once when I was very little, I was walking out with Dearest and she bought me a beautiful ball that bounced, and I was carrying it and it bounced into the middle of the street where the carriages and horses were, and I was so disappointed, I began to cry—I was very little. Dick was blacking a man's boots, and he said 'Hello!' and he ran in between the horses and caught the ball for me. So Dearest admired him very much, and so did I, and ever since then, when we go down town, we talk to him."

"And what would you like to do for him?" inquired the lawyer, rubbing his chin and smiling a queer smile.

"Well," said Lord Fauntleroy, settling himself in his chair with a business air, "I'd buy Jake out."

"And who is Jake?" Mr. Havisham asked.

"He's Dick's partner, and he is the worst partner a fellow could have! He cheats. People like Dick, but they don't like Jake, and so sometimes they don't come twice. So if I were rich, I'd buy Jake out, and I'd get Dick some new clothes and new brushes."



Mr. Havisham was beginning to be greatly interested, but perhaps not quite so much in Dick and the apple-woman as in this kind little lordling, whose curly head was so busy, under its yellow thatch, with good-natured plans for his friends, and who seemed somehow to have forgotten himself altogether.

“Is there anything——” he began. “What would you get for yourself, if you were rich?”

"Lots of things!" answered Lord Fauntleroy briskly; "but first I'd give Mary some money for Bridget—that's her sister with a husband out of work. She comes here and cries, and Dearest gives her things in a basket, and then she cries again. And I think Mr. Hobbs would like a gold watch and chain to remember me by."

The door opened and Mrs. Errol came in.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you so long," she said to Mr. Havisham, "but a poor woman, who is in great trouble, came to see me."

"This young gentleman," said Mr. Havisham, "has been telling me about some of his friends, and what he would do for them if he were rich."

"Bridget is one of his friends," said Mrs. Errol; "and it is Bridget to whom I have been talking in the kitchen. She is in great trouble now because her husband is ill."

Cedric slipped down out of his big chair.

"I think I'll go and see her," he said, "and ask her how he is. He's a nice man when he is well. I'm obliged to him, because he once made me a sword out of wood. He's a very talented man."

He ran out of the room, and Mr. Havisham



The story his mother told him was a very curious one



rose from his chair. He seemed to have something in his mind; he hesitated a moment, and then said, looking down at Mrs. Errol:

"Before I left Dorincourt Castle I had an interview with the Earl, in which he gave me some instructions. He said that I must let his lordship know that the change in his life would bring him money and the pleasures children enjoy, and that if he expressed any wishes I was to gratify them."

Mr. Havisham put his thin hand in his breast pocket and drew forth a large pocket-book. There was a queer look in his keen face. The truth was, he was wondering what the Earl of Dorincourt would say when he was told what was the first wish of his grandson that had been granted.

"If you will call him back," he said, "I shall give him five pounds for these people."

Then his mother went for Cedric and brought him back into the parlour. His little face looked quite anxious when he came in. He was very sorry for Bridget.

"Cedric," she said, "the Earl is your grand-papa, your own papa's father. He is very, very kind, and he loves you and wishes you to love him, because the sons who were his little boys are dead. He wishes you to be happy and to

make other people happy. He is very rich, and he wishes you to have everything you would like to have. He told Mr. Havisham so, and gave him a great deal of money for you. You can give some to Bridget now."

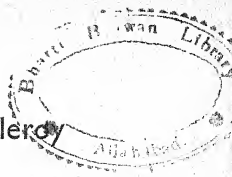
He looked from his mother to Mr. Havisham.

"Can I have it now?" he cried. "Can I give it to her this minute? She's just going."

Mr. Havisham handed him the money. Cedric flew out of the room.

"Bridget!" they heard him shout, as he tore into the kitchen. "Bridget, wait a minute! Here's some money. It's for you, and you can pay the rent."





Little Lord Fauntleroy

III

Cedric's good opinion of the advantages of being an earl increased greatly during the next week. In the week before they sailed for England, he did many curious things. The lawyer long after remembered the morning they went together to pay a visit to Dick, and the afternoon they so amazed the apple-woman by stopping before her stall and telling her she was to have a tent, and a stove, and a shawl, and a sum of money which seemed to her quite wonderful.

"For I have to go to England and be a lord," explained Cedric. "And I shouldn't like to have your bones on my mind every time it rained. My own bones never hurt, so I think I don't know how painful a person's bones can be, and I hope you'll be better."

"She's a very good apple-woman," he said to Mr. Havisham, as they walked away. "Once, when I fell down and cut my knee, she gave me an apple for nothing. I've always remembered

her for it. You know you always remember people who are kind to you."

The interview with Dick was quite exciting. Dick had just been having a great deal of trouble with Jake, and was in low spirits when they saw him. His amazement when Cedric calmly announced that they had come to give him what seemed a very great thing to him, and would set all his troubles right, almost struck him dumb. He could not believe in his good luck any more easily than the apple-woman could believe in hers, and he scarcely seemed to realize anything until Cedric put out his hand to shake hands with him before going away.

"Well, good-bye," he said; and though he tried to speak steadily, there was a little tremble in his voice and he winked his big brown eyes. "I'm sorry I'm going away to leave you, but perhaps I shall come back again when I'm an earl. And I wish you'd write to me, because we were always good friends. If you write to me, here's where you must send your letter." And he gave him a slip of paper. "And my name isn't Cedric Errol any more; it's Lord Fauntleroy and—and good-bye, Dick."

Until the day of his departure, his lordship spent as much time as possible with Mr. Hobbs

in the store. Gloom had settled upon Mr. Hobbs; he was much depressed in spirits. When his young friend brought to him in triumph the parting gift of a gold watch and chain, Mr. Hobbs found it difficult to acknowledge it properly.

"There's something written on it," said Cedric; "inside the case. I told the man myself what to say: 'From his oldest friend, Lord Fauntleroy, to Mr. Hobbs. When this you see, remember me.' I don't want you to forget me."

At last all the preparations were complete; the day came when the trunks were taken to the steamer, and the hour arrived when the carriage stood at the door. Then, it seemed almost directly, they were on the steamer in the midst of the wildest bustle and confusion; carriages were driven down and were leaving passengers; passengers were getting into a state of excitement about baggage which had not arrived and threatened to be too late; big trunks and cases were being bumped down and dragged about; sailors were uncoiling ropes and hurrying to and fro; officers were giving orders. Cedric found something to interest him on every side; he looked at the piles of ropes, at the furled sails, at the tall, tall masts which seemed almost to touch the hot blue sky; he began to make plans for con-

versing with the sailors and gaining some information on the subject of pirates.

It was just at the very last, when he was standing leaning on the railing of the upper deck and watching the final preparations, that his attention was called to a slight bustle in one of the groups not far from him. Someone was hurriedly forcing his way through this group and coming toward him. It was a boy, with something in his hand. It was Dick. He came up to Cedric quite breathless.

"I've run all the way," he said. "I've come down to see you off. I bought this for you out of what I made yesterday. It's a handkerchief."

He poured it all forth as if in one sentence. A bell rang and he made a leap away before Cedric had time to speak.

"Good-bye!" he panted. And he darted off and was gone. A few seconds later they saw him struggle through the crowd on the lower deck and rush on shore. He stood on the wharf and waved his cap.

Little Lord Fauntleroy leaned forward and waved the handkerchief.

"Good-bye, Dick!" he shouted lustily. "Thank you! Good-bye, Dick!"

The big steamer moved away, but Dick saw



nothing save that bright, childish face and the bright hair that the sun shone on and the breeze lifted, and he heard nothing but the hearty childish voice calling "Good-bye, Dick!" as little Lord Fauntleroy steamed slowly away from the home of his birth to the unknown land of his ancestors.

—F. H. BURNETT: *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (Adapted).

Gulliver and the Little People

[Gulliver was making a voyage to the South Seas when he was shipwrecked. He swam ashore, and the following is his story of his first experiences among the people of Lilliput.]

I was very tired, so I lay down on the grass and was soon asleep. I must have slept for nine hours, for when I awoke it was just daylight.

I tried to rise, but was not able to stir, for my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground. My hair, which was long and thick, was also tied in the same manner, and across my body were several slender threads.

Then I heard a noise about me, but as I could only look upwards, I could see nothing except the sky.

In a little while I felt something alive moving on my left leg; it advanced gently forward over my breast, and came almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I saw a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back.

I then felt at least forty more of the same

kind following the first. I was much astonished, and I roared so loudly that they all ran back in a fright, and some of them hurt themselves when they fell from my sides to the ground.

However, they soon returned, and one of them came so far as to get a full view of my face. Looking at me, he lifted up his hands and cried out some strange words in admiration.

All this time I was not very comfortable, but, at length, struggling to get loose, I had the good fortune to break the strings and pull up the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. Then with a violent tug I loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

The tiny creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them, and there was a great shout. Immediately I felt a hundred arrows hurting my left hand. Also the little folk shot another flight of arrows into the air with the result that some fell on my body and some on my face.

When this shower of arrows was over, I thought it better to lie still and remain so till night came, for then I should be able to set myself free. No more arrows were shot, but, by the noise I heard, I knew that several more of these little people were crowding round me.



Gulliver made prisoner

Being famished with hunger, I showed my desire for food by putting my finger to my mouth. Against my sides were placed several ladders, upon which a hundred of the people climbed and walked towards my mouth, carrying baskets of food. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like these of mutton, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate two or three of these joints at each mouthful, and took three loaves at a time.

I then made another sign that I wanted drink, and they gave me their largest barrel. I drank it off quite easily, for the barrel did not hold half a pint. They brought me a second barrel, which I drank and made signs for more; but they had ³/₂ none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my chest. After some time, there appeared before me a person of high rank. He advanced towards my face, spoke for about ten minutes, and pointed forwards to indicate that I was to be taken as a prisoner to the capital city.

I then became very sleepy, and, while I slept a huge wooden carriage was drawn towards my side. Five hundred carpenters and engineers had prepared this great engine, which was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about

seven feet long, and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels.

The great difficulty now was to raise and place me on this wagon. Eighty poles, each one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had placed round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs.

Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung on the carriage, and there tied fast. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the city, a half a mile distant.

— JONATHAN SWIFT: *Gulliver's Travels* (Adapted).



Jack Frost

The door was shut, as doors should be,
Before you went to bed last night;
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;
And not a single word he spoke,
But pencilled o'er the panes and crept
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;
But there are fairer things than these
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;
Hills and dales and streams and fields;
And knights in armour riding by,
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;
And yonder, palm trees waving fair
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;
And fruit and flowers and all the things
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath
The door when all the lights are out,
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane
In fairy lines with frozen steam;
And when you wake you see again
The lovely things you saw in dream.

— GABRIEL SETOUN.



Mary visits the Fur-Coat-Lady

[To children who may meet Mary Plain for the first time I must explain that she is a real bear, who was born in the bear-pits at Berne. But she is also a very special kind of bear, so, of course, she has very special adventures.]

I

Mary sat on the side of the bath, being important. On her knee was a square blue envelope, and she was stroking it with a paw that shook a little. She had never had a letter before.

Job the Keeper had dropped it over the side of the pit a few minutes earlier and called: "Mary Plain, here's a letter for you!" Just like that!

Mary strolled across to where the letter lay on the floor of the pit and picked it up. "Why, so it is," she said, and her voice only gave the tiniest shake. But her cousins danced up and down in front of her, both talking at once.

"What's the writing on it, Mary Plain? Does it say it's for you—and how can you tell?"

"Because it's written on it," said Mary, who could read her own name quite nicely. "See, 'Miss Mary Plain'."

"Yes, yes," urged the twins. "Aren't you going to open it?" asked one.

Mary was stroking the envelope and thinking. If there was one thing she hated, it was to own that she could not do a thing, and she knew quite well that she would not be able to read the writing inside.

Just at that moment Friska (her aunt) came out of the den door, so Mary called: "Please could you come and read this letter for me? It's rather bad writing and I can't understand it."

Friska at once put on her lesson face and hurried over to the cubs.

"Let me see," she said. Mary handed her the letter and she read aloud:

"'Dear Mary Plain, I would be so pleased if you would come to pay me a visit——'"

"What's that?" interrupted Mary. "Is it more than a penny or not so much?"

"A visit is not anything to do with money," said Friska excitedly, "it's a stay—a stop—a-a—well—a go-to."

"Like when I went out to tea, do you mean?" asked Mary helpfully.

"Yes, but hush, listen what it says next," said Friska, her eyes running down the paper. "Dear, dear, why, I can't believe it—I don't——"

"I'm listening," said Mary. But Friska went on reading the letter to herself, till Mary said again, rather angrily: "I'm still listening, and it's my letter."

"'I live just outside Berne,' " read Friska, "'and I have a lovely big garden where you can play ball and a lake where you can swim, and I think you would be very happy here."

"'I have asked the Owl Man if he would bring you out in his car when he comes to-morrow, so have your luggage and yourself ready at three. We shall have such fun. With love, from the Lady in the Fur Coat.' "

If bears could go pale, Mary would have gone. Instead she took a deep breath. "To-morrow," she said, "that's next to to-day, isn't it?"

Friska nodded. She and her twins were all staring at Mary. The twins had that rather "not liking Mary very much" feeling that they had had when Mary was asked out to tea and they weren't.

"And what is luggage?" asked Mary next.

"Oh, luggage," said Friska vaguely, "well—just luggage. You know."



The Owl Man Visits the Bears

"But I don't," said Mary.

Then Mary suddenly saw a familiar hat up above, and there was the Owl Man.

"Good morning, Mary!" he called down.

Mary waved with both arms, but the twins looked so dreary that Mary's heart smote her.

"Just go into that corner for a moment," she said; "both of you. I want to ask the Owl Man a private ask." The twins looked rather suspicious but went. Mary looked up at the Owl Man and said:

"What's luggage?"

"Well, it means things you bring with you on a visit."

"Hurrah! Then the twins are my luggage," said Mary, clapping her paws.

"Oh, but," said the Owl Man hastily, "not that kind of thing. I meant things you need."

"But I need the twins," said Mary.

"But they haven't been invited. You see, the kind of things I meant were your bowl and your brush. Bears aren't things—they're bears. And you can't take bears on a visit unless they're invited, and the Fur-Coat-Lady hasn't invited the twins. She hasn't room for them."

"They could squeeze up quite small," said Mary wistfully.

"Now, look here, Mary, we must get this quite straight. The twins are delightful, but they are not you, and they are not special friends of the Fur-Coat-Lady."

"Am I, then?" asked Mary.

"A very special friend, indeed," said the Owl Man.

"I tell you what, though," said the Owl Man, "when I come and collect you to-morrow, I'll bring a box full of surprises for the twins. Cakes and sugar and figs, for you to give them when you go away. How will that be?"

"Lovely," said Mary happily.

"And look here, Mary. It's a great compliment to be asked to stay with the Fur-Coat-Lady, and you'll have to be on your best behaviour, you know."

"Am I on it now?" inquired Mary.

"Yes, I should think you were."

Mary got up, looked behind her, and found she was sitting on her letter. She settled herself carefully on it again.

"I'll try not to forget," she said.

"That's right. Now I must be off, but you'll be ready at three to-morrow, won't you? And I won't forget—you know what," and he winked at Mary knowingly.

11/2

Mary visits the Fur-Coat-Lady

II

It took a long time for next day to come. At least, Mary thought so. She had a very restless night, and wriggled so much that the poor twins got little sleep.

At last it was daylight, and Friska came in to tell them it was time to get up. "Now, Mary," said Friska fussily, "Big Wool wants to see you for a minute, but first you must get nice and tidy. Mr. Job said he would give you a good brushing, but he wants me to see to your ears and face," she finished importantly. "Are your ears clean?"

Mary bent her head down, but she moved her ears up and down very quickly, so Friska couldn't possibly see.

"Keep still, can't you, Mary?" she said.

"I'm not moving," answered Mary.

"No, but your ears are," said Friska.

"I'm sorry—perhaps they're a bit excited today," said Mary.

"Now, look here, Mary, we must get this quite straight. The twins are delightful, but they are not you, and they are not special friends of the Fur-Coat-Lady."

"Am I, then?" asked Mary.

"A very special friend, indeed," said the Owl Man.

"I tell you what, though," said the Owl Man, "when I come and collect you to-morrow, I'll bring a box full of surprises for the twins. Cakes and sugar and figs, for you to give them when you go away. How will that be?"

"Lovely," said Mary happily.

"And look here, Mary. It's a great compliment to be asked to stay with the Fur-Coat-Lady, and you'll have to be on your best behaviour, you know."

"Am I on it now?" inquired Mary.

"Yes, I should think you were."

Mary got up, looked behind her, and found she was sitting on her letter. She settled herself carefully on it again.

"I'll try not to forget," she said.

"That's right. Now I must be off, but you'll be ready at three to-morrow, won't you? And I won't forget—you know what," and he winked at Mary knowingly.

11/2

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"I'm not moving," answered Mary.

"No, but your ears are," said Friska.

"I'm sorry—perhaps they're a bit excited to-day," said Mary.

"Perhaps you are, you mean," said her aunt, giving it up as a bad job. "Now, come along and say good-bye to your grandmother. She wishes to say a few parting words."

Mary's heart sank as she trotted off to Parlour Pit. There was nothing Big Wool liked better than making speeches, and they were always so dull.

"Well, Mary," said Big Wool kindly, "I hear you are going on a visit. Now, remember, you must be on your best behaviour all the time, my child."

"The Owl Man told me," said Mary.

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, I hope you will not forget. And you must be very polite. Always shake hands with your right paw—which is your right paw, Mary?"

"The one that isn't my left," said Mary cleverly.

"And don't forget to say 'please', and 'thank you', and 'how do you do'," continued Big Wool.

"But what do I say if they don't?" asked Mary.

"Don't what?"

"Do."

"That, I am afraid," said Big Wool, with

dignity, "must depend. But in any case I trust that you will do us credit. Well, run along now, and don't forget what I have told you." 12/2

Friska had polished her bowl till it shone, and Job gave her a thorough brushing. Then he made a beautiful paper parcel of the bowl and brush, and tied on a label with *Miss Mary Plain* written on it. Inside the parcel Mary tucked her precious letter.

At long last three o'clock came, and with it the Owl Man. He leaned over the wall and called: "Hallo, Mary, are you ready?"

Mary jumped up. "Oh," she said, "I've been here so long keeping smooth for you that it's nearly to-morrow."

The Owl Man laughed.

"Well, let's get off at once," he said. "I'll call Job and he'll bring you up—and this down." And he held up a big basket all bulging with surprises. Mary was delighted, and went and stood close to the door with her luggage in her paw. Then she heard the key rattle in the lock, the door flew open, and there was Job, with the basket in his arms.

"Twins!" called Mary, "here is a huge treat for you." The twins came rushing up, their eyes sparkling with excitement.

"For us, Mary Plain? Where does it say it's for us?" asked Little Wool.

There were a few odd marks painted on the basket, so Mary, who was awfully good at inventing, pointed at them and said: "Here, do you see? It says, 'For two left-behind bears!'"

Job put on her collar and lead: he said bears never left their pits without them. The Owl Man met them at the top of the stairs and led Mary to a big red car which was standing in the road.

"Is this a tram?" asked Mary.

"No, it's called a car," explained the Owl Man, as he helped her into the front seat and put her parcel in behind.

"Are you looking forward to your visit?" he asked as he got in beside her.

"Not just now," said Mary anxiously. "I'm looking backwards at my luggage. I'm so afraid the label will blow off, and then we shan't know it's mine, shall we?"

"Would you rather have it in front?" said the Owl Man.

"Oh, please!" said Mary, so he lifted it over and put it by her feet, and Mary kept touching it with her toe to see if it was still there.

The Owl Man pressed a button, and the car gave a soft growling noise.



“Is it angry?” asked Mary nervously. “Doesn’t it like my being inside?”

“Oh, yes, it’s very friendly with bears,” said the Owl Man. “That’s just the noise it makes when it’s going to move. Now, we’re off!” and sure enough they were.

Another button made a loud hoot when the Owl Man pressed it, and Mary jumped. "Was it us?" she asked. And the Owl Man said yes, and she could do it next time.

When the next time came and the Owl Man said "Now," Mary bent forward, but she was not expecting the corner, and in a second she had shot down the seat and bumped into the Owl Man.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but it's a very slidy seat."

Mary kept a sharp look-out to see if any of the cars they passed had bears in them, but none had. She asked the Owl Man about it, and he said: "No, as a matter of fact, Mary Plain, you're a very unusual kind of bear," and Mary felt as proud as proud.

The drive was most exciting, up hills and down hills, and then along straight roads, so fast that the wind blew Mary's pointed ears up on end.

"Doesn't the wind taste nice?" she said, "all cold and prickly."

Once, on an empty road, the Owl Man let her help to steer the wheel.

At last the car began to go slower and slower, and presently they turned in at a gate, and after a little bit they came to a white house with green

shutters. As they drew up by the big door, out came the Fur-Coat-Lady, and she was all smiling as she helped Mary out.

"Is it because of me you're smiling?" said Mary.

"Indeed, it is. I'm so very glad you've come," she said, "and I hope you are, too."

"Oh yes," said Mary, "and we've come a long, long way, and I blew the wheel and steered the horn, and the Owl Man says I'm rather an unusual kind of bear."

"I should think you were," said the Fur-Coat-Lady, laughing. "Now, let's go in."

"I expect you'd like to wash your paws and then have some tea?" said the Fur-Coat-Lady.

"I don't want to wash my paws, but I'd like some tea, please," said Mary, who was always frank. "I'm very empty down here." She patted the empty part. "Please, could I have a carrot or a biscuit?"

"You shall have as many and as much as you want, and now at once," said the Fur-Coat-Lady.

There were quite a lot of people in the dining-room. Mary felt quite shy. She clung to the Owl Man's hand, till the Fur-Coat-Lady said: "Won't you come and sit here by me?" And

then she had to let go of it. But when she saw him go down to the other end of the table she ran after him and said: "Please, I want to sit next to the Fur-Coat-Lady, but couldn't I sit next to you, too? There's room on both sides of me."

"Rather," said the Owl Man, and followed her back up the room.

Mary had left her parcel beside her chair, but when she got back she found it gone.

"My luggage—my luggage——" she began.

"Look here, Mary," said the Owl Man, "you can't have luggage at the table, you know, it's not done. It's there, quite safe in the corner, and after tea you can have it."

But it just wasn't any good arguing. Mary hurried off into the corner and began wrestling with the string. The Owl Man followed her.

"Look here, Mary Plain," he began, "what about that best behaviour?"

"That's just it," said Mary, looking quite frantic, "that's just it! Oh do, do, open this string for me, please!"

The Owl Man saw there would be no peace till she got her way, so he cut the string. In a moment Mary had opened the parcel, got out her letter, and carrying it back to the table, she spread it carefully on her chair and then sat on it, beaming.

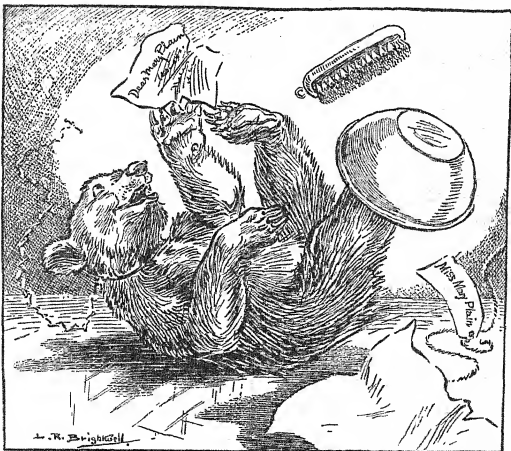
Everyone looked very surprised. "Whatever is that you are sitting on?" asked the Fur-Coat-Lady.

"My best behaviour, of course," said Mary. "The Owl Man said I must always be on it here. That's why I had to unpack at once."

"You absurd cub," said the Owl Man, patting her on the head, "and now, for goodness' sake, get on with your tea!"

"I will," said Mary—and did.

—GWYNEDD RAE: *All Mary (Adapted)*.



King Richard and Robin Hood

[Robin Hood and his famous band of outlaws had their home in Sherwood Forest. They robbed rich travellers, but helped the poor and needy. When King Richard returned from the Holy Land, where he had been fighting in one of the wars of the Cross, he determined to visit Sherwood Forest and capture Robin Hood and his band.]

For six months King Richard waited at Nottingham; but never once did he catch a glimpse of Robin or his men, for they had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up. He greatly desired to come face to face with the daring outlaw; so he eagerly fell in with the suggestion made by one of his foresters, to be led by him to some of Robin's favourite haunts.

"Take five trusty knights with you," counselled the man, "disguise yourself as monks, and with me to guide you, I'll warrant to show you Robin Hood if he be still in the neighbourhood."

They sent to a neighbouring monastery to borrow cowls and gowns, and dressed in these

the party set out, under the guidance of the forester, King Richard, garbed like an abbot, riding in front. They had ridden about a mile down a long glade of lime trees when they were confronted by Robin and some of his men. The former seized the bridle of the King's horse and said civilly: "Sir Abbot, I would have a word with you, by your leave. We are dwellers in the forest, living upon the King's deer. Other means have we none, so we pray you give us out of your plenty in the name of charity."

"I am on my way back from Nottingham, where I have spent two weeks with the King. If you know anything about the customs of a royal Court, you will understand why forty pounds is all that remains to me of the large sum of money I took with me. To that amount you are welcome," replied the King as he handed over the purse.

Robin waved back the offered gift. "Keep it," said he, "we only take from those who have more than their needs. Since you have so lately seen our King," he continued, "I prithee, stay awhile as my honoured guest, and over a stoup of wine give us tidings of our brave Lion Heart, whom we all love."

The supposed abbot showed his willingness to

share the cheer of his new-found friends, whereat Robin blew a blast on his horn. From all directions came stalwart horsemen, swift as the deer they loved to chase, and, forming in rows in front of their master, fell upon one knee, in a military manner that greatly impressed the warrior monarch. At a signal, the archers formed into a guard of honour and escorted the guest and his followers to the Lodge, where a meal was quickly prepared and served with open-handed generosity.

The King, waited on by Robin and Little John, and seated beside Maid Marian, whose beauty and wit could be surpassed by none of the Court ladies, enjoyed the repast to the full. He laughed loudly at Friar Tuck's jokes, listened with interest to the outlaw's tales of daring, and noted how loyal they were to King and country.

When the meal was finished they repaired to the greenwood at Richard's request, as he wished to see a display of archery from those bowmen, whose fame had spread all over England.

Two slender wands were set up for targets within a garland of woodland blossoms, and the condition was made that any marksman whose arrow fell outside the wreath, or injured a single flower, should forfeit his arrows to Robin and receive a buffet on the head in exchange. Although



Richard maintained that the distance between the archers and the target was a full fifty paces too long, few failed to hit within the garland; but those who were unsuccessful submitted to their punishment good-temperedly, and joined in the laughter at their expense. Robin split the wand twice, with his wonted skill; but the third time

172 he failed the mark, and his dart fell a finger length outside the garland.

"A bad miss for you, master; you have lost your arrows and must pay the forfeit!" shouted the men gleefully, for they thought it would be rare fun to see the hitter hit.

"What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said Robin, "so, Sir Abbot, I deliver up my arrows to you, and I pray you give me my pay." The King hesitated, declaring that for a monk, it was not seemly to smite so worthy a yeoman and perchance give him pain; but Robin laughingly requested him to hit his hardest.

"On your head be it," said Richard, rolling up his sleeve and delivering such a buffet that it felled the outlaw to the ground..

"In faith, there is strength in your arm, Sir Abbot!" exclaimed Robin, and as he picked himself up he regarded his guest curiously, for in the act of raising his arm to strike, the abbot's hood had fallen back and revealed his features clearly.

The men were suddenly startled by their leader's cry "The King! The King! God save the King!" and Robin fell to his knee pleading for mercy and pardon for himself and all his company. "We are rough fellows," said he, "but

our hearts are true to you and 'Merry England'."

"Get up, Robin!" commanded the King, "I vow your knee is over-stiff in bending, for want of use. Your petition is granted upon the asking, but I attach a condition thereto."

"Sire, it is for you to command, and for us to obey," replied Robin, whose voice could scarce be heard for the echoing of the men's cheers as they waved their caps and cried, "God save the King".

"And now for my condition, which is somewhat more of a desire; I would have you all return with me to London and remain there as my bodyguard," said Richard, as he smilingly acknowledged the men's hearty cheers.

Robin's heart fell at these words, for they all loved the freedom and the beauty of the forest, and he guessed the weariness of life at Court; but he concealed his sorrow and gratefully accepted the King's well-intentioned offer.

The preparations for the departure were hastily accomplished, and the King and his knights, clad in suits of Lincoln-green, rode out of the forest with their escort of seven score "merry men", and Robin, Marian, and Little John were at the right and left hand of the brave Lion Heart.

—ROSE YEATMAN WOOLF: *Robin Hood* (Adapted).

The Little Round House

I

One evening Robin went out to post a letter for his mother. Robin's house was in a quiet, lonely road, with trees growing in it, and the pillar-box was half-way down, just beyond the house with the high-walled garden, where the queer old lady lived.

He was not really frightened of the old lady, you know; but once somebody had told him she was a witch who could turn you into a rabbit simply by looking at you and waving her stick. Robin said he didn't believe this. But, all the same, he couldn't help wishing he hadn't got to pass the old lady's gate to reach the pillar-box this evening.

However, he whistled bravely as he went along, and looked ahead at the pillar-box, nice and ordinary and friendly, waiting there between the unlit street-lamp and the plane tree; and he felt glad that he was tall enough now to reach the slit to put letters in.



As he passed the old lady's gate, set in the high brick wall, he stopped whistling and turned his head to glance at it. Quickly he turned his head back again and looked at the friendly pillar-box. . . . And then he gave a funny little gasp, and all at once stood still—and stared.

A light was shining through the slit in the round red pillar-box!

Robin took a few slow steps forward, and then stopped again—and stared.

The pillar-box was still round and red, but it was no longer ordinary looking. Half a dozen little windows with lace curtains had appeared in its side; and low down, by the pavement, he could see a little front door with a knocker and a letter-box and a bell. The pillar-box was no longer a pillar-box—it was a Little Round House!

Robin was so full of amazement and curiosity that he forgot to be frightened. He could scarcely believe his eyes, and rubbed them with his knuckles and looked again. The Little Round House was still there—but it was not so little—or else Robin was not so big! Anyway, as he approached the front door it looked to him the size that front doors usually are. Which was rather strange, when you come to think of it—though it didn't seem strange to Robin at the time.

Before the front door Robin came to a stand-still, and at the same moment the door was flung open, and an old gentleman appeared on the threshold.

He was a very cheerful, astonished-looking old gentleman with round blue eyes, and eyebrows high up in his forehead. He wore a brown check dressing-gown over his dark suit, and very old red felt carpet slippers. But the thing Robin noticed about him immediately was that the

buttons on his dressing-gown were not real. They were painted on!

"Ah, ha! Here you are at last. I've been expecting you for a long time. I'm Mr. Papingay, you know," beamed the old gentleman. "Come in. Come in. . . . There, Percy, there! Down, sir! There's a good dog!"

He waved his hand towards the pavement, and looking quickly down Robin saw a painted dog, painted flat on the ground outside The Little Round House; and behind the dog, and also painted flat on the ground, was a red kennel.

"I made him," said Mr. Papingay, trying not to look too proud.

Mr. Papingay had painted a chain fastening Percy to the kennel, but he evidently hadn't had quite enough white paint to paint all the chain, and Robin could see that there were two links missing at the end—so that Percy wasn't really chained to the kennel at all, and he could run away if he wanted to. But Mr. Papingay had forgotten this.

"He sounds very fierce, doesn't he?" said Mr. Papingay, rubbing his hands together.

Robin listened, but hearing nothing, he didn't quite know what to say.

"He—he looks very fierce," he said shyly.

Mr. Papingay was delighted. "That's nothing



to what he can look like sometimes. . . . You didn't happen to come here in a bath-chair, did you?" he asked hopefully.

Robin shook his head, puzzled. "No," he said.

"What a pity! What a pity! I wish you had," said Mr. Papingay, in regretful tones, "then you could have seen Percy at his fiercest. He hates

bath-chairs, because the old lady who lives in that house with the high wall round it always has her bath-chair wheeled right over him every morning."

Mr. Papingay cleared his throat and began to sing:

"A bath-chair wheeled across your face
Is not a pleasant feeling.
But Percy doesn't seem to mind,
He never starts a-squealing.
He simply bites the rubber tyres
As over him they're wheeling.

"He's eaten so much rubber now——"

There was the sound of a loud crash inside the house, followed by the clatter of breaking crockery.

"Ah," said Mr. Papingay, pushing his spectacles up on to his forehead, "that's the Fat Boy again—down in the larder after the rice pudding. He's as greedy as ever! . . . I expect he was trying to stand on that chair I painted on the larder wall—which reminds me—I've got something to show you. Come in. Come in."

And so Robin stepped inside The Little Round House.

The Little Round House

II

Robin found himself in a passage with white-papared walls, and two staircases (one going up and the other down) at the end of it. A red door on the right-hand side of the passage had "MR. PAPINGAY'S PARLOUR" painted on it in large white letters.

Crushing past him, Mr. Papingay threw open this door and beckoned, and, wonderingly, Robin followed him in. For a moment he stood gazing around in astonishment, unable to account for the queer appearance of the room. Then, gradually, he began to realize what it was. Scarcely anything in the room was real—the things were all *painted*!

He looked about him with puzzled eyes. The only real things in Mr. Papingay's parlour, as far as Robin could see, were a large wooden table standing in the middle of the room, and a pot with some brushes in it, a box of paints, and a saucer.

Everything else was either painted on the walls or on the floor, or else on the real table. There were painted chairs, a painted carpet, and painted candle-sticks on a painted mantelpiece; on the wall, coming towards the door, was a painted gentleman, holding by the hand a painted little girl.

‘There!’ said Mr. Papingay proudly. ‘What do you think of my little room?’

‘It—it looks nice. I’ve never seen one like it before,’ said Robin.

‘Of course you haven’t,’ said Mr. Papingay. ‘There isn’t one like it in the whole world. Take a seat.’

He motioned towards a painted armchair by the painted fireplace.

Robin hesitated, then going over to the armchair pretended to sit down in it. To his surprise he *felt* as if he were actually sitting in a chair—though he knew he wasn’t really sitting on anything at all.

‘Comfortable, eh?’ asked Mr. Papingay, beaming, as he stood before Robin, one hand resting on the real table.

‘Very comfortable, thank you,’ said Robin.

‘You see,’ said Mr. Papingay, ‘the best of painting all your own things is that you can have

what you like, when you like, and where you like! And if you paint your friends you can make them come to visit you for as long as you like—and send them away the minute you are tired of them. I've made up a little song about it. I'll sing it if you like."

Without waiting for Robin's reply he crossed the room to a corner where a painted piano stood, and sitting down on a painted stool he struck a few chords. And Robin, listening, fancied he could hear a faint, twanging sound, like a very old far-away piano.

"It's rather awkward," said Mr. Papingay, looking round for a moment. "I used to have the piano on the other side of the room, and when I removed it over here I left a few of the notes behind over there—so I have to run over and play them when I come to them in the music. I hope you won't mind?"

Turning his head Robin could see half a dozen white piano keys and two black ones, painted on the wall near the door. "What a funny old man he is," he thought, smiling to himself.

Mr. Papingay cleared his throat, and striking another chord began to sing:



Mr. Papingay's Piano

“ With paint and brush I work away,
A-painting things to make life gay.
And all the things I paint, you see,
Nobody else can steal from me.
I paint ice-cream ——”

Mr. Papingay ran across the room and put his fingers on two of the white notes on the wall by the door, and ran back quickly to the piano, singing as he ran:

“ I paint ice-cream inside a cup —
The Fat Boy cannot eat it up!
I paint a pair of silver shoes,
The Home-Made Fairy cannot use.
I paint a bonnet ——”

Mr. Papingay ran across the room and played a black note and ran back again:

“ —— on the wall
That Penny cannot use at all!”

“ Penny is my niece, you know,” he explained over his shoulder to Robin, while he took a deep breath. “ Oh, there’s that E flat again. Would you mind just playing it for me? I get so out of breath running. . . . Thank you, thank you,” as

Robin got up and pressed the black note with his finger. Mr. Papingay continued:

“ I paint a ripe banana skin
Just on the mat as you come in!
I paint some muffins, in a pile.
It looks so real — it makes me smile.”

(“ E flat again, please. . . . Thank you, thank you.”)

“ I paint a little child, asleep,
It looks so real — it makes me weep!
And all the things I paint, you see,
Nobody else can steal from me!”

“ Thank you very much,” said Robin.

Mr. Papingay rose, and took out a large red pocket-handkerchief and polished his spectacles with it.

“ All the same,” he said, “ I am insured against burglars.”

“ Why?” asked Robin.

“ They might steal my paint-brush,” said Mr. Papingay.

—MARION ST. JOHN WEBB: *Mr. Papingay and The Little Round House (Adapted)*.

Raggylug, the Rabbit

I

Raggylug, or Rag, was the name of a young cottontail rabbit. It was given him from his torn and ragged ear. He lived with his mother in Oliphant's swamp, where I made their acquaintance and gathered, in a hundred different ways, the little bits of proof and scraps of truth that at length enabled me to write this history.

Truly rabbits have no speech as we understand it, but they have a way of exchanging ideas by a system of sounds, signs, scents, whisker-touches, movements, and example that answers the purpose of speech; and it must be remembered that though in telling this story I freely translate from Rabbit into English, *I repeat nothing that they did not say.*

Old Oliphant's swamp was a rough, brambly tract of woods, with a marshy pond and a stream through the middle. All around for a long way were smooth fields, and the only wild tracks that

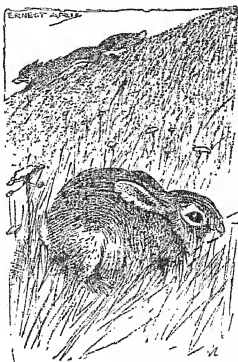
ever crossed these fields were those of a thoroughly bad fox that lived only too near.

The chief indwellers of the swamp were Molly and Rag. Their nearest neighbours were far away. This was their home, and here they lived together, and here Rag received the training that made his success in life.

Molly was a good little mother and gave him a careful bringing up. The first thing he learned was "to lay low and say nothing".

The second lesson he learned was "freeze". It grows out of the first, and Rag was taught it as soon as he could run.

"Freezing" is simply doing nothing, turning into a statue. As soon as he finds a foe near, no matter what he is doing, a well-trained cotton-tail keeps just as he is and stops all movement, for the creatures of the woods are of the same colour as the things in the woods, and catch the eye only when moving. So when enemies chance





together, the one who first sees the other can keep himself unseen by "freezing" and thus have all the advantage of choosing the time for attack or escape. Only those who live in the woods know the importance of this; every wild creature and every hunter must learn it; all learn to do it well,

but not one of them can beat Molly Cottontail in the doing.

Rag's mother taught him this trick by example. When the white cotton cushion that she always carried to sit on went bobbing away through the woods, of course Rag ran his hardest to keep up. But when Molly stopped and "froze", the natural wish to copy made him do the same.

But the best lesson of all that Rag learned from his mother was the secret of the Brierbrush. "The Brierbrush is your best friend."

Much of the time that season was spent in learning the lay of the land, and the bramble and

brier mazes. Rag learned them so well that he could go all around the swamp by two different ways and never leave the friendly briers at any place for more than five hops.

It is not long since the foes of the cottontails were disgusted to find that man had brought a new kind of bramble and planted it in long lines throughout the country. It was so strong that no creatures could break it down, and so sharp that the toughest skin was torn by it. Each year there was more of it, and each year it became a more serious matter to the wild creatures. But Molly Cottontail had no fear of it. She was not brought up in the briers for nothing. Dogs and foxes, cattle and sheep, and even man himself might be torn by those fearful spikes; but Molly understands it and lives and thrives under it. The farther it spreads, the more safe country there is for the cottontail, and the name of this new and dreaded bramble is—*the barbed-wire fence*.



Raggylug, the Rabbit

II

Molly had no other children to look after now, so Rag had all her care. He was unusually quick and bright as well as strong, and he had uncommonly good chances; so he got on remarkably well.

All the season she kept him busy learning the tricks of the trail, and what to eat and drink and what not to touch. Day by day she worked to train him; little by little she taught him, putting into his mind hundreds of ideas that her own life or early training had stored in hers, and so provided him with the knowledge that makes life possible to their kind.

Close by her side in the clover field or thicket he would sit and copy her when she wobbled her nose "to keep her smeller clear". Still copying her, he learned to comb his ears with his claws and to dress his coat and to bite the burrs out of his vest and socks. He learned, too, that nothing but clear dewdrops from the briars were fit for a

rabbit to drink, as water which has once touched the earth must surely bear some taint. Thus he began the study of woodcraft.

As soon as Rag was big enough to go out alone, his mother taught him the signal code. Rabbits telegraph each other by thumping on the ground with their hind feet. Along the ground sound carries far; a thump that at six feet from the earth is not heard at twenty yards will, near the ground, be heard at least one hundred yards. Rabbits have very keen hearing, and so might hear this same thump at two hundred yards, and that would reach from end to end of Oliphant's swamp. A single "*thump*" means "look out" or "freeze". A slow "*thump thump*" means "come". A fast "*thump thump*" means "danger"; and a very fast "*thump thump thump*" means "run for dear life".

At another time, when the weather was fine and the bluejays were quarrelling among themselves, a sure sign that no dangerous foe was about, Rag began a new study. Molly, by flattening her ears, gave the sign to squat. Then she ran far away in the thicket and gave the thumping signal for "come". Rag set out at a run to the place, but could not find Molly. He thumped, but got no reply. Setting carefully about his



search he found her foot-scent and following this strange guide, that the beasts all know so well and man does not know at all, he worked out the trail and found her where she was hidden. Thus he got his first lesson in trailing, and thus it was that the games of hide and seek they played became the schooling for the serious chase of which there was so much in his after life.

Rabbits have no set time for lessons—they are always learning. One day Molly and Rag were quietly resting when suddenly a warning note from the ever-watchful bluejay caused Molly's nose and ears to go up and her tail to tighten to

her back. Away across the swamp was Oliphant's big black-and-white dog, coming straight toward them.

"Now," said Molly, "squat while I go and keep that dog out of mischief." Away she went to meet him, and she fearlessly dashed across his path.

"Bow-ow-ow!" he fairly yelled as he bounded after Molly, but she kept just beyond his reach and led him where the million daggers struck fast and deep, till his tender ears were scratched raw, and guided him at last plump into a hidden barbed-wire fence. After making a short double, a loop and a balk in case the dog should come back, Molly returned to find that Rag in his eagerness, was standing bolt upright and craning his neck to see the sport. This disobedience made her so angry that she struck him with her hind foot and knocked him over in the mud.

One day as they fed on the rear clover field, a red-tailed hawk came swooping after them. Molly kicked up her hind legs to make fun of him and skipped into the briars along one of their old pathways, where of course the hawk could not follow. Several creepers had grown across it, and Molly, keeping one eye on the hawk, set to work and cut the creepers off. Rag watched her, then



ran on ahead, and cut some more that were across the path. "That's right," said Molly, "always keep the runways clear; you will need them often enough. Not wide, but clear. Cut everything like a creeper across them and some day you will find you have cut a snare."

"A what?" asked Rag, as he scratched his right ear with his left hind foot.

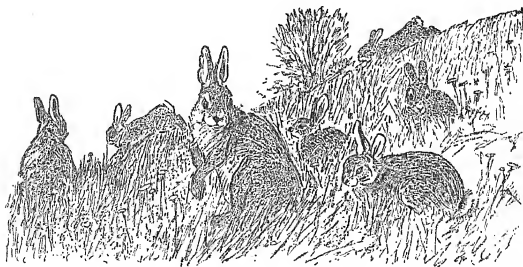
"A snare is something that looks like a creeper, but it doesn't grow and it's worse than all the hawks in the world," said Molly, glancing at the now faraway red-tail, "for there it hides night and day in the runway till the chance to catch you comes."

"I don't believe it could catch me," said Rag, with pride of youth as he rose on his heels to rub his chin and whiskers high up on a smooth sapling. Rag did not know he was doing this, but his mother saw and knew it was a sign, like the changing of a boy's voice, that her little one was no longer

a baby but would soon be a grown-up cottontail.

Rag still lives in the swamp. He is a big strong buck now and fears no rivals. He has a large family of his own, and a pretty brown wife that he got I know not where. There, no doubt, he and his children's children will flourish for many years to come, and there you may see them any sunny evening if you have learnt their signal code. You must choose, too, a good spot on the ground, and know just how and when to thump it.

—ERNEST THOMPSON SETON: *Raggylug (Adapted)*.



A Ship Sails up to Bideford

A ship sails up to Bideford;
Upon a western breeze,
Mast by mast, sail over sail,
She rises from the seas,
And sights the hills of Devon
And the misty English trees.

She comes from Eastern islands;
The sun is on her hold;
She bears the fruit of Jaffa,
Dates, oranges, and gold.

She brings the silk of China,
And bales of Persian dyes,
And birds with sparkling feathers,
And snakes with diamond eyes.

She's gliding in the starlight
As white as any gull:
The East is gliding with her
In the shadows of her hull.

A ship sails up to Bideford;
Upon a western breeze
With fruits of Eastern summers
She rises from the seas,
And sights the hills of Devon
And the misty English trees.

—HERBERT ASQUITH.

The Tale of Mr. Spectacles

Tippy the gnome was sharp and sly, and no one in Apple Village liked him very much. So it was not surprising that when Dame Softly said she would have a fine garden-party in her grounds she did not invite Tippy the gnome. He was most upset and annoyed about it. He sat down on his little stool and wondered how he could go to the party, and how he could punish Dame Softly for not inviting him. Then he suddenly had a good idea.

“I’ll dress up and pretend to be someone who can tell people all about themselves and say what will happen to them in the future,” thought Tippy. “No one will know I am Tippy the gnome who knows all about everybody’s business—and when it comes to Dame Softly’s turn—ooh, won’t I tell her some horrid things.”

So on the day of the garden-party Tippy dressed himself up in a fine black cloak, put on a pair of dark-green spectacles, and stuck a long beard on his chin. Then he marched up to Dame



Softly's and asked her if she would care to let him sit in a corner of her garden and tell people's fortunes.

"I am Mister Spectacles, the Wizard," said Tippy. "I will make your party a great success. I only charge a penny a time."

"Very well," said Dame Softly. "You may sit over there on that seat in the corner. I will

tell my guests about you, and perhaps come to have my fortune told, too."

Down sat Tippy in delight. He waited for someone to come—and very soon up came Tickles the brownie. He paid his penny. Tippy leaned forward and pretended to look at him hard through his dark spectacles. He didn't like Tickles because the brownie had once scolded him for being mean.

"You keep bees," said Tippy, in a deep voice, "and you sell honey."

"Yes, I do," said Tickles, astonished. "Will I do well with my bees this year?"

"No," said Tippy, enjoying himself. "They will suddenly feel angry with you, and will all come and *sting* you—and *sting* you—and *sting* you. . . ."

Tickles gave a yell and shot away, shouting that he would sell his bees that very day. Then up came Pip the elf, and paid *his* penny. Tippy scowled at him, for Pip had once spanked him for his slyness.

"You grow roses," said Tippy. "You sell the roses that you grow."

"How clever of you!" said Pip. "Will I ever make a fortune out of them?"

"Not out of your *roses*," said Tippy, an idea coming into his mind. "But underneath one of

them—if you like to look—there may be a box of gold!”

“Oooh!” cried Pip happily. “I’ll go and dig every one of them up and find it!”

Off he went, and Tippy grinned to think of Pip digging up all his precious roses for nothing. Then Mother Noddy came up and paid her penny to Tippy.

Tippy hated Mother Noddy, for she had always told him what a sly little gnome he was. So he looked at her through his spectacles, and said in a deep voice, “Dear, dear me! I can see a sad thing in store for *you*. One of your hens will peck you to-morrow, and you will be ill for a whole year.”

Mother Noddy gave a yell and ran off, shouting: “I shall set my hens free! They *shan’t* peck me!”

How Tippy grinned! What a time he was having! Ah—but wait and see!

Tippy sat and waited for the next person to come. It was Dame Softly, who had not invited him to her party. Aha! Tippy would make her sorry for that!

She paid her penny and sat down. Tippy stared at her through his green spectacles and wagged his long beard about. She felt quite uncomfortable.

“Misfortune is awaiting you,” said Tippy in a deep, solemn voice. “Your house will catch fire very soon!”

“It’s a good thing the firemen are all at my party then,” said Dame Softly, pleased. “They will soon put the fire out.”

“Robbers will come and steal your fine jewels,” said Tippy.

“Well, as the village policeman is also at my party, the robbers will have a bad time,” said Dame Softly, still more pleased.

“Is the policeman *really* here?” said Tippy, feeling alarmed. “I didn’t know that!”

“You didn’t *know*!” said Dame Softly, in surprise. “But I thought you said you were Mister Spectacles, who knew everything!”

Just at that moment up came Pip the elf, sobbing bitterly. “I’ve dug up every one of my lovely rose-trees,” he wept, “and there was no box of gold under any of them. I have spoilt my trees—I can’t sell any roses now—Oh dear, oh dear! You told me a story, Mister Spectacles! And there’s poor old Tickles, he has sold his bee-hives and all his bees for a few pence, because you said they would sting him and sting him—and I just saw Mother Noddy letting all her hens loose into the road because you said one



would peck her and make her ill for a whole year! It's a pity you ever came to this party and upset us so! Especially as I've lost all my beautiful rose-trees!"

Pip began to weep bitterly. Dame Softly stared at him, then she slipped away. In a short while she brought back Mister Grab the village policeman. He sat down by Tippy, and grinned.

"Well, Mister Spectacles," he said, "I hear you are a wonderful teller of fortunes. Just tell me mine, will you?"

"You—you are a policeman," said Tippy, very uncomfortable indeed.

"Right first time!" said Mister Grab. "Now tell me who I'm going to spank this very day?"

"I d-d-d-on't know," stammered Tippy.

"Dear me, I thought you could tell anyone anything he asked!" laughed Mister Grab. "Well, tell me this—am I going to stay at this party all the time, or am I going to leave it in the middle, and if so, shall I go alone or will anyone be with me?"

"I d-d-d-d-on't know!" said poor Tippy again.

"Well, *I* can tell you *your* fortune," said Mister Grab, suddenly, in a very stern voice. "Your beard will come off—like that—and your spectacles will come off—like that—and lo and behold, the great fortune-teller will turn into no other than—Tippy the gnome—just as sly, but *not* so clever as usual! And Tippy will come along with me and be spanked—and he will give Pip those pennies to buy some new rose-trees—and he will soon be sorry he played such a very—stupid—trick!"

Well—Mister Grab was a *very* good fortune-teller—because everything he said came true! Poor old Tippy!

(Can you act this story?)

—ENID BLYTON.



His First Flight

The young seagull was alone on his ledge. His two brothers and his sister had already flown away the day before. He had been afraid to fly with them. Somehow when he had taken a little run forward to the brink of the ledge and attempted to flap his wings he became afraid.

The great expanse of sea stretched down beneath, and it was such a long way down—miles down. He felt certain that his wings would never support him, so he bent his head and ran away back to the little hole under the ledge where he slept at night.

Even when each of his brothers and his little sister, whose wings were far shorter than his own, ran to the brink, flapped their wings, and flew away he failed to muster up courage to take that plunge which appeared to him so desperate.

His father and mother had come around calling to him shrilly, threatening to let him starve on his ledge unless he flew away, but for the life of him he could not move.

That was twenty-four hours ago. Since then nobody had come near him. The day before, all day long, he had watched his parents flying about with his brothers and sister, perfecting them in the art of flight, teaching them how to skim the waves, and how to dive for fish.

He had in fact seen his older brother catch his first herring and devour it, standing on a rock while his parents circled around raising a proud cackle.

The sun was now blazing warmly on his ledge that faced the south. He felt the heat because he

had not eaten since the previous nightfall. Then he had found a dried piece of fish at the far end of his ledge. Now there was not a single scrap of food left.

He had searched every inch, rooting among the rough, dirt-caked straw nest where he and his brothers and sister had been hatched. He even gnawed at the dried pieces of spotted eggshell.

He had then trotted back and forth from one end of the cliff, his long grey legs stepping daintily, trying to find some means of reaching his parents without having to fly. But on each side of him the ledge ended in a sheer fall, with the sea beneath.

Surely he could reach his parents without flying if he could only move northwards along the cliff face? But then on what could he walk? There was no ledge and he was not a fly. And above him he could see nothing.

He stepped slowly out to the brink of the ledge, and standing on one leg with the other leg hidden under his wing, he closed one eye, then the other, and pretended to be falling asleep. Still they took no notice of him. He saw his two brothers and his sister dozing, with their heads sunk into their necks.

His father was preening the feathers on his

white back. Only his mother was looking at him. She was standing on a little high hump, her white breast thrust forward. Now and again she tore at a piece of fish that lay at her feet and then scraped each side of her beak on the rock.

The sight of the food maddened him. How he loved to tear food that way, scraping his beak now and again to whet it! He uttered a low cackle. His mother cackled, too, and looked over at him.

"Ga, ga, ga," he cried, begging her to bring him over some food. "Gaw-oo-ah," she screamed back. But he kept calling, and after a minute or so he uttered a joyful scream. His mother had picked up a piece of the fish and was flying across to him with it.

He leaned out eagerly, tapping the rock with his feet, trying to get nearer to her as she flew across. But when she was just opposite to him abreast of the ledge, she halted, her legs hanging limp, her wings motionless, the piece of fish in her beak almost within reach of his beak. He waited a moment in surprise, wondering why she did not come nearer, and then, maddened by hunger, he dived at the fish.

With a loud scream he fell outward and downwards into space. His mother had swooped upwards. As he passed beneath her he heard the

swish of her wings. Then a monstrous terror seized him and his heart stood still. He could hear nothing. But it only lasted a moment. The next moment he felt his wings spread outwards.

The wind rushed against his breast feathers, then under his stomach and against his wings. He could feel the tips of his wings cutting through the air. He was not falling headlong now.

He was soaring gradually downwards and outwards. He was no longer afraid. He just felt a bit dizzy. Then he flapped his wings once and he soared upwards. He uttered a joyous scream and flapped them again. He soared higher. He raised his breast and banked against the wind. "Ga, ga, ga. Ga, ga, ga. Gaw-ool-ah."

His mother swooped past him, her wings making a loud noise. He answered her with another scream. Then his father flew over him screaming. Then he saw his two brothers and his sister flying around him, soaring and diving.

Then he completely forgot that he had not always been able to fly, and commenced himself to dive and soar, shrieking shrilly.

He was near the sea now, flying straight over it, facing straight out over the ocean. He saw a vast green sea beneath him, with little ridges moving over it, and he turned his beak sideways

and crowed amusedly. His parents and his brothers and sister had landed on this green floor in front of him.

They were beckoning to him, calling shrilly. He dropped his legs to stand on the green sea. His legs sank into it. He screamed with fright and attempted to rise again, flapping his wings. But he was tired and weak with hunger and he could not rise. His feet sank into the green sea, and then his body touched it and he sank no farther. He was floating on it. And around him his family was screaming, praising him, and their beaks were offering him scraps of dog-fish.

He had made his first flight.

—LIAM O'FLAHERTY: *Spring Sowing* (Adapted).

Fire on the Heath

"Now for the *next* adventure," said Jane cheerily, as the caravan moved off.

The next adventure was not exactly round the corner but it was not far off. If the caravaners could have known what it was to be they would not have set off down the lane so light-heartedly. It is doubtful whether they would have set off at all. By tea-time, walking and riding by turns, they had come up with the main road, followed it to the cross-roads, and were a mile or so along the by-road. Here the air was fresh. The heat seemed to be passing off and quite a stiff breeze blew towards them.

"Still over a mile to Lovelock," said Oliver, after consulting the map. He had to fold it up quite small or the wind would have torn it from his hands.

The road had been dropping away from the high level for some time and, looking back, they could see that there was very nearly as big a hill behind them as in front. Yet even in the

valley the wind roared on in its wild career. It seemed to come at them in ever-increasing strength, now blowing almost straight in their faces, now catching them sideways in great gusts from across the open stretches of moorland to the left.

"When we get up to the top of the hill," continued Oliver, "we ought to be able to see the village. I can't believe it's really a mile away. I've been smelling peat fires for ages. It's getting quite strong."

Everyone could smell something. It was a bitter smell. It poured down towards them on the wings of the wind, growing with each second stronger and stronger.

"Something's on fire," said Jane.

"A haystack, probably," suggested Bill.

A cold trickle of fear slid down Oliver's spine. You didn't find haystacks on a moor. It must be the moor itself.

Beyond them and at the top of the hill there appeared a little cloud of smoke. Pegasus, the horse, lifted his head, opened wide his nostrils, and snorted. He needed no order to halt. His forefeet were firmly planted. He would advance no farther.

The cloud grew rapidly. In less than no time it had turned into a thick, grey wall. Borne on



A Race against Time

the strong wind, it rolled towards them at an alarming speed, gaining in height and width as it came.

Oliver lost no time. For a second or so he gazed steadily at the oncoming enemy. By then he had taken in the exact direction in which it was moving. The wind was not blowing straight towards them, but slightly to their right. When the fire caught them up—if catch them up it did—then it would come at them at an angle from which the road would prove a poor protection. The flames, fanned by the wind, must leap across it. 10/11/12 8/11/13

The road at this point, as ill luck would have it, was not over-wide. A ditch on either side made the business of turning the unwieldy van more difficult. Snorting and rearing, Pegasus was not easy to manage. He was willing enough to turn. Indeed, he asked nothing better. But in his terror he quite forgot the length of the heavy load behind him. To go back or to go forward in answer to Oliver's commands was very nearly beyond him.

"Keep steady!" called Oliver to the frantic caravaners, who, all and several, were urging Pegasus on.

"Leave him to Anna and me," he com-

manded. "Bill and Jane, get behind to guard the ditch!"

A red tongue of flame shot up over the hill-brow. It was almost hidden in the smoke-cloud that had now wrapped itself around them. The crackling of the parched scrub and heather grew louder and louder. Robin, his eyes smarting from the smoke, began to cry. Jane swung him up into the caravan. Then she and Bill seized hold of the tail-board, pulling or pushing according to Oliver's instructions.

Now, with the crackling unpleasantly loud, the caravan was almost round—the caravaners working at it and at Pegasus with all their might.

"Don't panic!" yelled Oliver, "the fire's a long way behind the smoke!"

Then, with victory almost achieved, Pegasus made up his mind to back. He backed with a vengeance. One wheel slid over the edge of the ditch.

"Pull!" cried Anna, urging Pegasus forward. The poor beast pulled. He pulled with all his might. It seemed as if the harness must crack with the strain. The caravan—now at an alarming angle—remained securely anchored.

Choking and half blinded, Bill and Jane hurled themselves inside. Robin, tents, the heavier

stores, suit-cases—all came bundling out. Desperately and with the water pouring from their smarting eyes, the caravaners heaved and pulled. The fire could not be far off now. In another minute they would have to cut the traces, free Pegasus, abandon the van and their belongings, and—run for it.

Ah! Good old Pegasus! The wheel had moved! One more heave and surely they would do it?

“All together! I’ll count!” panted Jane.
“One—two——”

With stern determination the caravaners pulled themselves together for a final effort. They were fighting for their home—their horse—and—as they felt—their lives.

“——three—*heave!*”

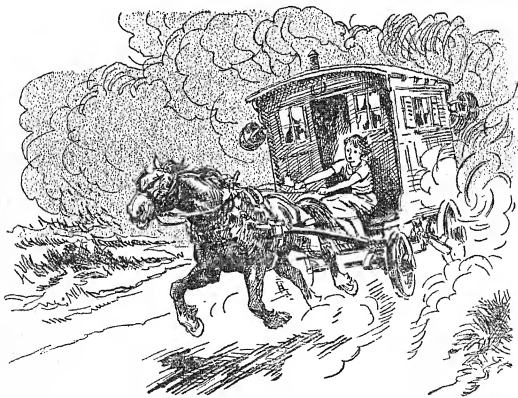
And *how* they heaved! Pegasus and his supporters made their great bid for victory. Ah! . . . *good!* Once again all four wheels stood upon the road. They had done it! Half a minute more and Pegasus was well and truly round and the rear of the van facing the fire.

“Now the things!” gasped Jane.

Down the road they tore, the great hoofs thundering on the hard surface, and the van swinging wildly from side to side. For once,

Pegasus was living up to his name! Wings could scarcely have borne him faster. Alone on the driving-seat Anna set her teeth. "Keep him straight! Keep him straight!" She was saying the words aloud as she pulled at the reins in a hopeless attempt to check the headlong flight. Through the smoke and away out to where the cloud thinned and almost disappeared, dashed the big brown horse, guided as much by his own good sense as by the little pair of hands that clung with so grim a purpose to the reins.

—M. E. ATKINSON: *August Adventure* (Adapted).



The Black Brothers

I

In Stiria there was, in old time, a valley surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself; they all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and

its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

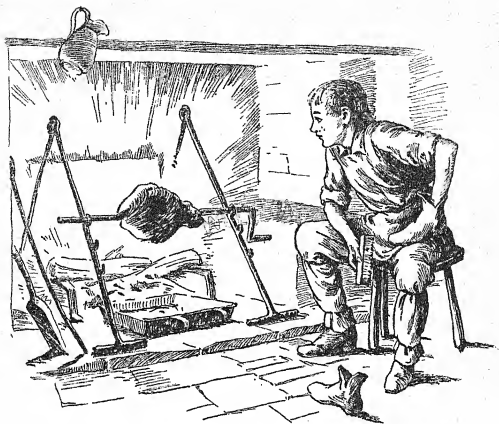
The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; and they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out-of-doors without paying them.

It would have been very odd if, with such a farm and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its

value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity. They were of so cruel and grinding a temper as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings the nickname of the "Black Brothers".

The youngest brother, Gluck, was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country round. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when



there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and the Black Brothers asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

17/11 It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to

let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and the knocker seemed to be in a hurry. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured; his cheeks were very round, and very red; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, and

his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long.

Gluck remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

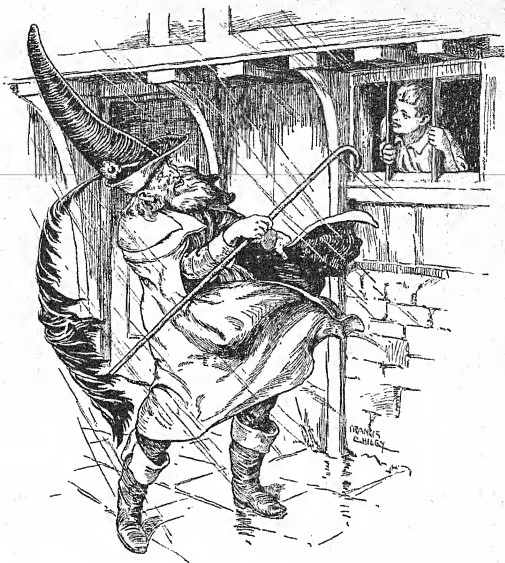
To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman. "I want



fire and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

The Black Brothers

II

Gluck had had his head so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman. "How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quick-silver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "may I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor drily.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in such a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, whilst Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a

rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so *very wet!*"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of the cap all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in,

sir; look at my grey hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off now!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round and continued to spin until his long cloak was



Hans follows the Rolling-pin

all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night, I'll call again."

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers put up all the shutters and double-barred the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry," said their visitor. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on there."

They rushed in to Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The storm had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

—JOHN RUSKIN: *The King of the Golden River*
(Adapted).

7-3-03
J. C. Smith

A Summer Day

This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns, —
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on brooks and glossy leaves,
Mists that melt above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup, —
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the river flows:
Here a swirl and there a dance,
Slowly now, then like a lance,
Swiftly to the sea it goes, —
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fireflies wink on hill and plain;
Yellow, red and purple skies, —
This is the way the daylight dies.

— GEORGE COOPER.

The Young Detective

[Toby was a boy who became tired of living with his aunt and uncle, and so he resolved to go and seek his fortune far out in the world. During his journey into the wide world he sank down under a hollow tree, fell fast asleep, and dreamed.]

I

When Toby awoke, the sun was shining; it was broad day, and he was lying upon a beach with the sea curling over in little waves below him. He sat up and looked around, but he could not recognize anything. Where was the hollow tree he had slept in all night? It was not to be seen anywhere. How did he come to be lying on this beach, and where did this sea come from?

"Lackabody me, what has happened?" he wondered. Then he began to remember some of the things he had been dreaming. All, all of it came back to him. Round and about he looked, but all the things he had seen were gone, and he could only conclude that he had dreamt about those things, and about the journey, and yet even



Toby Awakes

while he dreamed of them, they really had happened.

Now here he was on the other side of the world! That was wonderful, but what was he going to do now? To be alone in a place so full of strange things made him tremble, and there was danger wherever he turned.

Toby decided to travel inland from the sea, so he left the beach and walked from the shore until he came upon a road; and along that road he came to a barn, and on the barn door was posted a large notice:

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED

.....

A UNIQUE POSSESSION

OF

THE KING'S SON

Whoever shall find it
may receive a just

REWARD

APPLY AT

THE PALACE

Soon Toby met a man coming towards him, and Toby determined to ask him the way to the

palace. The man was dressed in lovely clothes; he had on trousers of yellow velvet, a blue silk coat, and a hat with a green band. As the man walked he was reading intently in a book.

"Excuse me," began Toby; but the man passed him by and took no heed of him.

By and by another man approached, and he too was reading in a book. He had green velvet trousers and a pink satin jacket.

"Excuse me," began Toby again; but again this man passed him by, reading his book, and took no heed of him.

Dozens of richly attired men passed him by, and all were reading intently in their books as they walked along, and not one would answer him or pay him the least attention. Then he met a woman, dressed all in hodden grey, and she too read in a book and would not notice him.

"Lackabody me!" sighed Toby, "what is to do now? Everybody is reading, and no one will answer me."

But presently, to his great joy, he met two children, a boy and a girl, and they were not reading. The boy was dressed in rich clothing like the men, but the little girl was in hodden grey.

"Pray tell me," said Toby to them, "where the King's palace is."

So they told him, and Toby went to the King's palace.

At the palace gates stood a soldier in lovely uniform. In his belt he had a large pistol, in one hand a sword, and in the other he had a book held up to his nose. He read so eagerly that Toby was afraid to disturb him, so he walked past the soldier and on up to the palace porch, where he struck the knocker rather quietly. He waited some time in the porch, and while he waited he smelt a sweet smell; but he could not find the cause of that until he leaned against the white wall of the palace, and then he felt sure the walls were made of peppermint cream. So he put out the tip of his tongue, and the walls *were* made of peppermint cream.

At that moment the door opened and a janitor stood there, with one hand holding the knob of the door, the other hand holding a book to his nose. Without a word or a look he signed to Toby to enter. Toby followed the janitor, still reading, and they went up a large winding staircase. Several times they met butlers, all of them reading as they went, and once the janitor collided with the man who cleans the palace inkstands. Down they fell to the floor, both of them, but they lay there and read for a little while, and

then got up and passed on without a word.

At last Toby and the janitor came to a small door with the King's motto engraved upon it in sealing-wax. The janitor opened the door and Toby entered. Just inside the room stood a low pedestal with chains. The janitor motioned Toby to stand on the pedestal while he fastened the chains around Toby's ankles. Then, after having hung a placard round the boy's neck—

UNKNOWN PERSON TO SEE THE KING

the janitor went reading away.

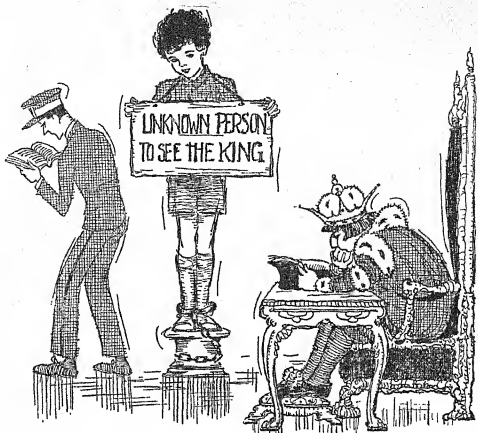
It was a large square room with windows and a table, and at the table sat the King, poring over a book. For twenty minutes the King took no notice of Toby, who stood motionless. Then, without looking up from his book, the King spoke:

"Have you found it?"

"No, Your Majesty," replied Toby. "I have come to ——"

"Hush!" interrupted the King, and he went on reading for another twenty minutes.

Then the King again began to murmur, without raising his eyes from his book:



“You have come about the Public Notice. My son the Prince has lost something of the greatest importance and value; my palace is mute with sorrow, the whole nation mourns this loss. Find it.”

The King ceased, and silence reigned in the stricken room for another twenty minutes, while the King became absorbed in his book. Then he spoke once more, without raising his eyes:

“Have you found it?”

"No, Your Majesty," replied Toby. "What is it he has lost?"

"The heir to my throne," murmured the solemn King, still poring over his book, "has lost his favourite blood-alley. It was a unique marble. It must and should be found; the finder shall or should be rewarded, and the thief must or might be slain. Go! I cannot bear it any longer."

The door plunged open and the janitor, finger and nose in book, released the boy from his chains. Toby then followed him downstairs, and along many corridors until they went through a doorway, and came out on a lovely lawn. Here the janitor hung another placard around Toby's neck:

UNKNOWN PERSON COME TO FIND BLOOD-ALLEY
--

Then the janitor went reading away.

There were seven golden stools on the lovely lawn, and on each stool a child sat reading. Four of them were boys, and three of them were girls. Not one looked up or spoke a single word. A giant cedar tree spread out its ancient branches like an umbrella on the lawn, and seven pairs of

small goloshes were ranged upon a doorstep. When Toby had got as far as the Prince, he peered over the Prince's shoulder to see what the Prince was reading. The page was headed

APPLIED ARITHMETIC

The grey-lag goose has two feet,
The buffalo twice as many,
A yard has only three feet,
A football has not any:
If two forefeet make eight feet,
And two behind two more,
Why are there never eight feet
Behind the two before?

Toby heard the Prince murmuring to himself:
"Oh, is it not too beautiful!"

Toby coughed. The Prince swung round on his golden stool and read the words on Toby's placard.

"Well," said the Prince, "have you found it?"

"No," said Toby; "but I will."

10/3/13

The Young Detective

II

It appeared that on the afternoon of the day before the Prince was playing games of marbles in the courtyard behind the palace with the son of the prime minister. Just as he put his beloved blood-alley in the ring they were called to have tea and left the marble there with intent to finish the game at a later time. Before the Prince returned the blood-alley had vanished, and although the palace had been ransacked from top to bottom, no trace of it could be found.

"Please take me to the courtyard," said Toby.

The Prince took Toby through the gardens until they came to the back of the palace. He then showed Toby the ring made in the centre of the yard where he and the prime minister's son had played marbles.

"Now, when the cook called you in to tea yesterday, did you go at once?"

The Prince thought a moment and then answered:

"No; not quite at once, but soon."

“ Why did you not go at once?”

“ Well, you see,” said the Prince, “ there was a man delivering ginger-beer at the kitchen door. It was a new kind of ginger-beer; we had never had any of that kind before. When the man had gone I went into the kitchen and commanded the cook to open a bottle of it for us to taste.”

“ Good!” cried Toby. “ That will do for the present, thank you. I shall want a magnifying glass. Will you please send one out to me?”

Toby then began a most careful inspection of the courtyard, beginning with the ring where the blood-alley had last been seen. Then he went over to the pump, but all he discovered there were some tiny fragments of broken glass. Last of all he went to the dustbin and there, at the bottom, lay—what do you think?—pieces of a broken ginger-beer bottle.

For a long time he searched all over the courtyard. There was something missing from that broken bottle, and he wanted to find it. He knew that all such bottles have a small glass marble in them, instead of a cork, and he wanted to find it, that little glass marble. It was important. He bundled the bin on one side, and there, sure enough, lay the glass marble from the ginger-beer bottle.

Then Toby left the courtyard and went away to the lawn, and there was the Prince with his three brothers and his three sisters.

"Have you found it?" they all cried.

"Well," Toby calmly smiled. "I think I know where it is."

The news spread like wildfire through the palace. All flocked to the lawn, and it was instantly crowded with people who stood about ceaselessly reading in their books. Toby was in the middle of the lawn, standing in a circle formed by the princesses and princes on their golden stools.

"But I want my blood-alley," the little Prince began to whimper; "I want it."

"Yes, yes," said Toby; "it is just coming. Please to send for the cook."

When the cook came she threw her apron over her head and howled like a cat:

"I did not steal the blood-alley. It was the discharged kitchen-maid."

"No, no," Toby said. "She has not got it. Cook, it is in your possession! Listen!"

"Answer me, please, cook. After the Prince and the prime minister's son had gone into the palace to tea, was there an empty ginger-beer bottle standing upon the kitchen table?"

"Yes, there was," admitted cook.

"What became of the bottle, cook?"

"I told the maid to put it away."

"What did she do with the bottle?" continued Toby.

"That I do not know," the cook declared. "I gave it to her, but now I cannot find it at all. I have hunted everywhere."

"That bottle," Toby went on, "was in the kitchen when the Prince went to tea. Soon afterwards the maid had it in her possession. When I searched for clues this morning, I found that bottle lying broken in the dustbin. I also saw from certain indications that it had been broken on purpose on the angle of the pump."

Toby repeated: "*It had been broken on purpose!* Why? Why should anybody in a kitchen wilfully break a bottle that ought to be returned? I will tell you. That person wanted something which was in the bottle; they wanted, in short, the glass marble."

Toby paused and glanced over his attentive audience.

"Go on!" moaned the crowned King. "Oh, go on! I cannot bear it much longer."

"Why," proceeded Toby, "should anybody in a royal kitchen want a marble at all? I will



tell you. In the courtyard I found a tiny heap of white ash and flakes. Beside it was a round black mark, which I noticed was soot. The black mark had been made by a kettle standing there. The white flaked ash had been emptied from the

kettle. That kettle must have been thickly coated inside with these flakes.

“Now it is well known that a marble left inside a kettle will prevent this deposit. It is clear, then, that this kettle had not had any marble in its inside. Why is that? I will tell you. It is because—have you never noticed it?—marbles are seldom found in a royal kitchen. Now someone in the kitchen had been to fill the kettle at the pump, but seeing the state of the kettle’s inside, had emptied it of this deposit. Then she filled the kettle, returned to the kitchen, and put the kettle on the fire.”

“It was the maid who cleaned out the kettle. She walks barefoot; I saw her footprints. Her eyes caught sight of the ginger-beer bottle, and seeing the marble inside it she picked up the bottle straight away, and ran round to the pump. She wanted to get the marble out of the bottle to put in the kettle, and she broke the bottle on the angle of the pump.

“As the bottle broke, the glass marble somehow disappeared. It shot off somewhere and the maid did not see where it went. There were all the pieces of the broken bottle lying on the ground before her, but no glass marble—the marble had gone. The maid probably stood at

the pump staring about, looking for the glass marble, when suddenly she saw it, as she thought, lying in a ring. She darted to the ring and snatched up what she took to be the glass marble."

"Yes!" roared the crowned monarch, "but where is it now?"

"Why," answered Toby quite mildly, "it is in the cook's kettle, of course."

At once everybody leaped up with a yell, and headed by the cook scampered across the lawn, through the gardens, until they came to the kitchen. The cook snatched the lid off the kettle and peered inside. It was rather dark in the kettle and she could see nothing, so she took it where it was lighter. Then she gave a yell: "Yes, it is here!"

With her finger and thumb she held up the Prince's peerless blood-alley. Whereupon Toby took off the placard that had been hung round his neck.

"I must at once reward you," said the King. "I will grant any request that lies in my power, even to a couple of thousand volumes, and I appoint you to the office of Noble Companion to the Prince."

—A. E. COPPARD: *Pink Furniture* (Adapted).

A Christmas Dinner

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, helped by her daughter, Belinda, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

Now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own. These young Cratchits danced about the table, while Peter blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"Where is your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha was not as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We had a lot of work to finish last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother."

"Well, never mind as long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm."

"No, no! There's father coming!" cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of scarf hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden drop in his high spirits, for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha did not like to see him disappointed,



“Why, where’s our Martha?”



if it were only a joke, so she came out from behind the door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hurried Tiny Tim into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"How did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, helped by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Master Peter and the two young Cratchits then went to fetch the goose with which they soon returned.

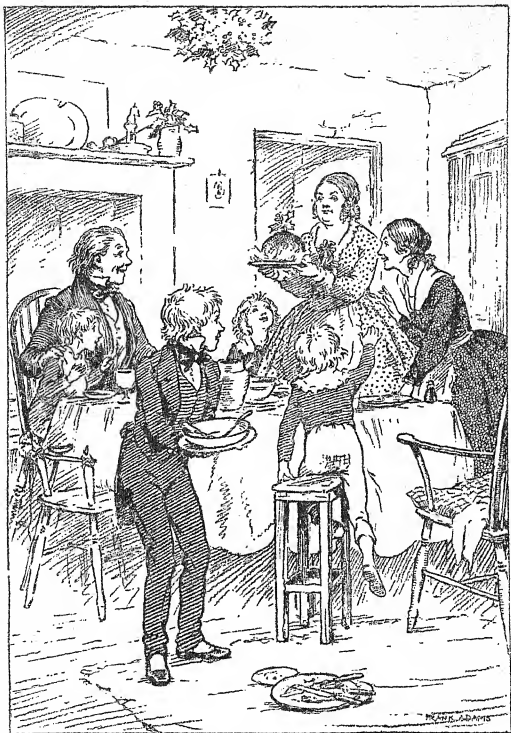
Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss Belinda sweet-

ened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves.

At last the dishes were set out, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to carve, and when she did, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he did not believe there ever was such a goose cooked. It was sufficient for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they had not eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough. Now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—an idea at which the two young Cratchits turned pale!



A Wonderful Pudding!

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said that he regarded it as the greatest success made by Mrs. Cratchit. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one, while the chestnuts on the fire spluttered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!”

Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—CHARLES DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol* (Adapted).

A Home-made House

Mr. Hornbeam lived quite three-quarters of an hour's walk from the little market town of Penfold. His house wasn't in a town at all, and it wasn't in even a village; it was on the side of one of the green downs, built upon a rocky foundation, and only to be reached by a goat-track. And a very unusual kind of house it was. Mr. Hornbeam had built it himself, with his own hands, and this is how he set about it.

First of all he borrowed some money from a rich friend, because he never had any money of his own; and then he went for a walking tour all over England looking for a cottage small enough and cheap enough and far enough away from everywhere for him to be able to live in it.

I don't know whether he looked very carefully, for he was an absent-minded man, and more than half his time he was thinking about other things, very well satisfied to walk the country roads and stare at the beasts and birds and flowers and things, and sleep at an inn when he could afford



it and in the lee of a haystack when he couldn't. He got wet through a great many times without catching cold; he learnt all there is to know about birds' eggs; he lent nearly all his money to a tramp, and he saw all the changing seasons from January to December.

After he had been rambling about for nearly a whole year, it came into his head that he really must begin to think seriously about finding that little house that he had so much wanted when he set out. For, though he'd seen nearly everything that a man could wish to see, he was still as far as ever from finding a house. But one spring morning he happened to be passing one of these bright little white-fenced railway stations in Leicestershire, when he noticed, standing modestly in a siding, three rather tired-looking railway carriages, and it seemed to him that here was the very thing he wanted. So he went to the station-master, whose name was David Numb, and said, "Good morning."

"Good morning to you," replied David Numb.

"I saw," said Mr. Hornbeam, "three old railway carriages standing in your siding."

"And why not?" asked David Numb.

"They look to me," said Mr. Hornbeam, "rather tired railway carriages, as though they'd seen a lot of trouble in their day and could do with a kind home."

The station-master looked at Mr. Hornbeam; then he looked at the three railway carriages. "Maybe," he said, "they could, and maybe they couldn't." This was not very helpful. But Mr.

Hornbeam felt that he would never smile again if he failed to get possession of these carriages.

"I was wondering," said he, with a nervous cough, "whether they were for sale, those carriages."

"Were you?" said the station-master.

"Yes," said Mr. Hornbeam.

There was a long silence. At last Mr. Hornbeam found courage to break it.

"*Are* they for sale?" he asked.

"They might be," said the station-master. "Or again, they might not."

They went on for a long time talking in this fashion and not getting very much further, but the end of it was that David Numb consented to sell the three tired railway carriages to Mr. Hornbeam for the sum of twenty-nine shillings and sixpence. Mr. Hornbeam was delighted at the price, and the next thing to be decided was how his purchases could be delivered.

"Best thing you can do," said David Numb, "is to go to see our blacksmith."

"But why the blacksmith?" asked Mr. Hornbeam. "Don't we want a carpenter for that job?"

"He's carpenter enough," said David Numb. "Carpenter and blacksmith and postmaster general

of the village he is, *and* plays the organ on Sundays."

"Then I shall want a pair of horses," said Mr. Hornbeam, "and I've only got a little money left. Do you think I could get a pair?"

The station-master was confident that Mr. Dewberry, the blacksmith, would put him in the way of a horse or two. And so it proved. Mr. Hornbeam got two strong horses, and drove down into Sussex in great style.

When it came to getting the railway carriages up the Downs and planking them on the little rocky ledge that he had chosen half-way up a green hill, he had to uncouple them and let the two horses draw each one separately. Even then they found it difficult because of the narrowness and steepness of the path. A couple of hundred goats would have found it easier footing, but Mr. Hornbeam was now in such a hurry to be settled in his new home that he couldn't stop to go in search of goats, and even had he had time he would probably not have got so many as two hundred for the money that remained to him.

The first thing he did when he had got the carriages in position was to take their wheels off, so that they couldn't run away in a high wind.



Then he got to work with a hatchet, a saw, a chisel, a hammer, a pocketful of screws, and a mouthful of large nails, and bit by bit turned these three rooms into one comfortable house. That meant taking away the seats and removing the notices that tell you not to lean out of the window. Mr. Hornbeam intended to lean out of the window a great deal and it would have worried him to feel all the time that he was breaking the rules. If you can't keep rules don't have any; that was his idea.

At the end of three days' hard work his house consisted of two rooms, with a door leading from one to the other: the one a big room, made out of two of the carriages, where he could sit and have his meals and read poetry and talk to his friends when they called; the other a small room for sleeping in.

In the middle of the floor of the larger room he cut a little front door, with a knocker on the other side and a letter-box. This was not for his own use, but for that of his friends, many of whom walked on four legs and preferred to approach his house from underground.

Mr. Hornbeam's house was sheltered on the north by the hillside, and on the east by more of the hillside, for he had chosen the site very cunningly. All his windows faced south, except a new one that he put in on the west side, so that he might hear the rain beating on the pane.

When it all seemed to be finished Mr. Hornbeam stood and stared at it for about an hour and a half, and suddenly had an idea. There were still many planks lying about, and he thought it would be fun to build with them a slanting roof. This would serve two purposes. First it would make the rain run into his water butt instead of into his dining-room; second, it would make the

house, at a distance, look like part of the hill itself.

Mr. Hendy (the rabbit) helped him a good deal with this part of the work; or, anyhow, he bobbed about, and smiled, and took an interest in it. It was Mr. Hendy who suggested covering the whole place, except the windows, with green turves, ivy, and moss. Mr. Hendy was not a very clever fellow, and this was quite the cleverest thing he ever thought of in his life. The turves took a long time to cut and carry and nail in position, and the moss took a long time to take root; but, when everything was finished according to plan, no one could have wished for a better home than Mr. Hornbeam's.

—GERALD BULLETT: *Remember Mrs. Munch*
(Adapted).

EXERCISES

Note to Teachers — The exercises are suggestive of the treatment of attractive prose and poetry by the abler children in the third year of their course in a modern junior school. They are calculated to test the intelligent grasp of the extract, its language, the interest to which it appeals, and its challenge to the child for response in speaking, writing, and action.

So far as is possible, the exercises have been devised for "saying", "writing", "making", and "doing", and the less able children will probably find their best response in the last two, handwork and dramatization.

A lesson from a literary reader does not end with the "reading" lesson but, with a skilful teacher, should arouse an enthusiasm which will overflow into the general activities of the classroom.

Vigorous individual work, as well as friendly inquiries and talk with their teacher, are required from the children, but technical and grammatical questions have been avoided so that appreciation and enjoyment will remain uppermost in their minds and memories.

The Fire

- A.
1. Doesn't this make you want to know the rest of Black Beauty's story?
 2. How long ago was the Fire? Does the first part of paragraph 5 help you to answer this question?
 3. They travelled thirty-two miles. How far would they travel now in one day if they went (a) by car; (b) by train; (c) by aeroplane?
 4. What would James drive to-day? What would he be called?
 5. Who and what caused the fire?
 6. What overcame the horses' fear?
- B.
1. Describe the coming of a modern fire engine.
 2. What do these words mean?
ostler, rack, whinny, drag, gig.
- C. Find out:
- (a) Where the nearest fire engines to your home are kept.
 - (b) Where is the nearest fire alarm to your home.
 - (c) Where firemen get water to put out fires.
- D. Look carefully at the harness of the next horse you see.
Draw and try to name the pieces.

Tom, the Water-baby

- A. 1. Do we see boy chimney-sweeps now?
Why were *little* boys used?
Could they climb the chimneys in your house?
What does the sweep use nowadays?
2. What a contrast Tom's new life was to his old.
What is a contrast? Can you name some?
3. What was the "brickmaker"?
4. What are the three stages a dragon-fly passes through before it becomes a real dragon-fly?
- B. 1. "Green meadows, tall elm trees, sleeping cows!"
Describe Tom's dream in your own words.
2. Make a list of words which give you a feeling of freshness and coolness. Here are some: cool, green, silver —
3. Describe Tom's life as a chimney-sweep.
- C. and D. Copy out in script the paragraph beginning "As the creature sat". Illustrate your sheet of paper with drawings of the dragon-fly and the water world.

When Fairies have a Picnic

- A. 1. Have you seen the notice boards in parks and lovely places? They tell us plainly and sternly what to do. What do they tell us?
2. Fairies are creatures of our fancy. Can you recall others like them?

- B. How many verses are there? How many lines to a verse? Write out the pairs of rhyming words and add others to rhyme with them.
- C. Draw an Anti-litter notice board.
- D. Discuss why you should learn this poem just before the holidays.

All Round Peter's Year

1. You must say the first six lines in each verse slowly and sleepily, but you will find it difficult to say the 7th and 8th lines in the same way. Is it because of the words "scattered", "throw", "get up", "bound"?
But you must end each verse sleepily too!
2. What kind of a boy is Peter? He may not be lazy, so do not use that word.

Little Lord Fauntleroy

- A.
 1. In what country did Cedric live?
Where had his ancestors lived?
 2. What shows you in this story that Cedric lived many years ago?
 3. Whom of all Cedric's friends do you like best?
(And why?)
 4. Why were there no earls or lords in New York?
 5. What does it mean to "inherit a title"?
 6. Wouldn't you like to read the whole of this story?
- B.
 1. Write a description of Cedric's appearance had he lived in 1938.

2. Use each of these words in a sentence to show that you know exactly what it means:
queer, quaint, shrewd, curious, yellow thatch.
- C. Many of you would like to tell your class what you would do if you were suddenly very rich.
- D. You can illustrate this story in many ways. Here are two things you might do:
- (a) Draw the presents Cedric gave to Mr. Hobbs and the apple-woman.
 - (b) Draw the steamer at the landing-stage.

Gulliver and the Little People

- A. 1. Do you know the rest of this story? Perhaps your teacher will tell you about Gulliver's adventures among the giants.
2. The Lilliputians are creatures of fancy; so are fairies. Can you compare them?
3. How do we know that the little people were hundreds of years behind the times?
4. What words in the extract tell us that any measurement of length in Lilliput was about one-twelfth of what it would be with us?
5. What distance with us would be equal to Gulliver's ride on the "great engine"?
- B. 1. Write a composition on what a Lilliputian would think of a watch. (You can compare your description with the author's if you get the book out of the library.)
2. Each of you can pretend to be a Lilliputian and

describe any article we use . . . a penknife, spectacles, &c. Do not name the article, and see whether your class can guess what you have described.

- C. This story is more than 200 years old. Go to the library and find out something about:
- (a) When it was written.
 - (b) The author.
 - (c) The story.
- D. 1. Using one inch to represent one foot, draw any piece of furniture in your room to show how high it would be in Lilliput.
2. Illustrate the last sentence in the story.

Jack Frost

1. Here, as in the poem on page 24, is another "creature of our fancy".
Ask your teacher to tell you of a stranger one called "Will of the Wisp".
2. Jack Frost is active indoors. What does he do out of doors?
3. He is a splendid friend of the farmer and sometimes an enemy of the gardener. Can you find out why?
4. What do we mean by a "hard frost", "rime", and "frosted glass"?
5. Write a composition on what the poor scarecrow thinks of Jack Frost. There is a beautiful poem by Walter de la Mare, called "The Scarecrow", which you should read.

Mary visits the Fur-Coat-Lady

- A. 1. Who has been to the Zoo and seen the bears?
2. It amuses us when animals behave like ourselves. It helps us to understand them — and even more to love them.
3. Which animal behaves most like us and is therefore the most amusing?
Why is there always a large crowd watching the monkeys at the Zoo?
4. Why did Mary Plain's paw shake and her voice give a tiny shake?
5. You must find where Berne is. Why do large cities have Zoological Gardens?
- B. 1. What do these expressions mean?
fussily; at long last; frank; compliment; a familiar hat.
2. Write out in your own words why the Owl Man said "You absurd cub" at the end of the story.
- C. 1. Bear shapes (especially Teddy Bear shapes) are easy to draw. Can you illustrate:
(a) Job dropped Mary's letter (page 63).
(b) She spread the letter on the chair and then sat on it (page 76).
(c) The "left behind" Twins with their basket.

King Richard and Robin Hood

- A. 1. How many of Robin's merry company can you name?
2. What does "outlaw" really mean?
3. Who ruled England during Richard's long absences on the Crusades? How long ago was it?
4. What is a monastery?
- B. 1. Make a list of the words in this story which are not used in our every-day language.
2. We generally say "the biter bit". Write a short story with this as the title.
3. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander". Write the meaning of this in your own words, and explain how it applies in the story.
- C. This extract can be well done in five silent pictures or "tableaux" with a narrator to connect the scenes by a story thread.
(a) The six monks and their guide.
(b) Robin's merry men confront the monk.
(c) The display of archery.
(d) The Hitter hit.
(e) The petition.
- D. There are many things to draw — Robin's horn, the King's sword, a suit of armour, a bow and arrow, &c.

The Little Round House

- A. 1. Robin was in a real world until he glanced at the old lady's door. In what kind of a world did he move after that?
2. Why did Robin whistle?
3. Can we say Mr. Papingay was a "fantastic" old gentleman? Look this word up in a dictionary.
- B. 1. "Nice and ordinary and friendly". Write the opposite of this phrase.
2. Fill in the second lines to make more verses of the song:
- I paint a knocker on the door,
.....
- I paint a biscuit on a plate,
.....
- I paint a poker in the fire,
.....
- I paint a pillow on the bed,
.....
- C. One of you describe to the class what Mr. Papingay's kitchen and bedroom would look like.
- D. Make a pillar-box from cardboard tubing. Paint one side like a real pillar-box, and the other side like the Little Round House.

Raggylug, the Rabbit

- A. 1. When, where, and how should we watch wild rabbits?
2. Discuss, "The more we know of wild flowers, birds, and animals, the more we shall enjoy Nature".
3. If you are a country child, that enjoyment is in easy reach. How can a town child make up this lack?
4. What do these words mean:
trail, burrs, woodcraft, snare?
5. In the extract Bunny is a delightful little creature. Do you know any country where Bunny is heartily disliked and why?
6. Is "exchanging ideas" the "purpose of speech"?
- B. 1. Write a short composition on "The Foes of the Rabbit", and say how he protects himself against each of them.
2. Here are two pairs of words: boy, girl; king, queen. Fill in each of the blank spaces below with the right word:
Prince —; — cow; buck —; master —;
husband —; — ewe; tiger —; —
cook; — duck; fox —.
3. Write this out in your own words: "After making a short double, a loop, and a balk in case the dog should come back", and complete it.
- C. Can you draw a "maze" and ask someone to find the middle of it?

D. Here are two subjects to "read up". After you have done so, prepare a "lecturette" on one of them for your class:

"Rabbits and Hares"

"Rabbits in Australia"

A Ship Sails up to Bideford

- A. 1. When your teacher reads the poem pick out the "s" sounds. It is the sound of the sea and the breeze.
2. Three things you must imagine — (1) the sunlit ship far out in the Channel: then more slowly (2) her cargo, and finally (3) starlight as she nears the misty trees and hills.
3. With these in your mind you will soon learn the poem.
4. Note the word "gliding". It is carefully chosen. Why does it bring silence into the picture?
5. Why is the last verse a repetition of the first?
- B. 1. Write out in your own words —
- (a) Line 4, verse 1;
 - (b) Line 2, verse 2;
 - (c) Line 4, verse 3.
- C. 1. Find Bideford on your map — and Jaffa, and China, and Persia, and the Eastern islands.
- D. 1. Devon and sailing ships remind us of Drake. Can you draw his ship? What was her name? Can you draw a galleon?

The Tale of Mr. Spectacles

The author asks "Can you act this story?"

Look at the exercises for "The Young Detective" (page 187) before you answer her question.

His First Flight

- A. 1. The writer was a "patient observer of Nature".
What does this mean?
2. Can you distinguish between an old and a young gull?
3. Have you seen a gull's egg? It has a peculiar shape. Why?
4. Where do parent gulls bring up their young ones?
5. Discuss the meaning of these expressions:
preening; whet; muster up courage; derisively; monstrous terror; maddened by hunger; banked against the wind.
- B. 1. Write a composition on "My First Dive". Use the phrases in the story to help you.
2. "Cackle", "swish". These words sound like the noises they name. Make as long a list as you can of similar words.
- C. Men have learned the art of flight. Could one boy read to the class a "paper" on how they learnt the art?
- D. Find out about "sea birds" from your reference

books. Go to see them in your town museum. Their shapes are easily drawn, and you could make a set of illustrations with a little printed information on each card.

Fire on the Heath

- A. 1. Who were the Caravaners and where were they going?
2. What is the difference between Gipsies and Caravaners?
3. Why don't you find haystacks on a moor?
4. What is peat?
5. Ask your teacher to tell you the story of the first "Pegasus".
6. Who was the youngest of the party?
7. What kind of a map would you use on a caravan ride in England?
- B. 1. Write out the words in the last paragraph which make you feel the excitement and speed of the escape from the fire.
2. Write a few sentences about the danger of panic.
3. Describe what would have happened had they not freed the van wheel.
- C. Have you a keen sense of smell? It makes a good game to blindfold one of the class before various scents . . . orange, vinegar, onion, &c. How many can he smell and name?
- D. 1. Draw an imaginary map showing a caravan ride

of 12 miles. Indicate woods, villages, churches, main roads, cross roads, lanes, &c.

2. Illustrate this story with 4 sketches.

(a) "Pegasus halted".

(b) "One wheel slid over the edge".

(c) "And *how* they heaved".

(d) "Headlong flight" (see picture on page 126).

The Black Brothers

A. 1. What is the title of the book from which this extract comes?

2. Consider paragraph 2 in connection with that title.

3. Was Stiria a real or an imagined country?

4. What language do you think the people spoke in Stiria?

5. Can you suggest different titles for the two parts of the story?

6. Schwartz and Hans were bad men but good farmers. Can you imagine the opposite of this?

B. 1. Take the 5th paragraph as your model and write a similar paragraph on each of the two older brothers.

2. Describe how the Black Brothers got rich, and say what you think of their methods.

3. How does a very wet summer affect the farmer?

C. 1. You should learn the first two paragraphs by heart.

2. Can you describe the effect in the Valley if East Wind, Esquire, had come instead of South-West Wind, Esquire? Or North Wind, Esquire?
- D. 1. Draw and colour the "extraordinary looking little gentleman". You will find all directions in one paragraph, and you can use the coloured plate as a guide.
2. Illustrate "the two brothers sitting up on their bolster" after the tremendous crash.
 3. Draw the old gentleman's visiting card.

A Summer Day

1. What are the expressions in the poem which make the title well chosen?
2. Can we say that the last three words in each verse are four "sub-titles"?
3. Suppose a letter stands for each rhyme sound. Is the scheme for verse 1 — *a-b-b-a-a*? Write out the schemes for the other verses.
4. How many beats are there in each line?

The Young Detective

- A. 1. You must shape this into a play.
2. Your "manager" should find out how many "characters" he will need.
 3. All the "dialogue" is there, but you must write each person's part separately.

4. Each must learn his part, but you may need a "prompter" (a good reader).
 5. How many "scenes" will you have? You will need a "curtain" between each scene.
 6. What about "scenery" (here is work for the artist), and "scene shifters" (strong men) and simple "properties" (dustbin, a broken bottle, a blood-alley, &c.), and if things turn out well, some "costumes" (work for the girls).
 7. Those "notices" must be printed . . . large and clear letters.
 8. Don't forget the "programmes"!
 9. "Rehearsals" and "final performance"!
- B. Use the words in Part A and describe how a play is made.

A Christmas Dinner

- A.
1. Who is the author of this extract?
 2. Why did he know so many details of the lives of poor people?
 3. He was a great humorist! What does this mean?
 4. Name the Cratchit family.
 5. Shut your eyes and try to picture each one in turn.
 6. Why is it that you can do this?

7. Is it true to say that after reading this story, you know the characters better than you know many of your friends?
8. Whose mother boils potatoes on an open fire nowadays? — and boils them with their skins on?
9. Why was Mrs. Cratchit's dress twice turned?
(Even well-to-do people made a dress last a long time in those days. Material was dear and dresses took a long time to make.)

B. 1. Answer these questions in writing:

- (a) Why was the goose at the baker's?
 - (b) Would Martha wear a shawl and bonnet to-day?
 - (c) What are threadbare clothes?
 - (d) Why was Mrs. Cratchit flushed?
2. What characters do you feel most sorry for? Why?
 3. Do you think the Cratchits had much to be light-hearted about? Why then were they so cheerful and happy?

C. Illustrate

- (a) "The slow potatoes bubbling up".
- (b) A "speckled cannon-ball".
- (c) Chestnuts in the fire.

A Home-made House

- A. 1. Does the title describe the house?
2. Why did Mr. Hornbeam choose Sussex for his home?
3. Was Mr. Hornbeam a tramp?
4. How did he spend his days on the Downs?
5. Why did he want to live far from everywhere?
6. How did the names of people originate?
Can you trace the origin of your own name?
7. Have you heard "rain beating on the pane"?
What other sounds in Nature are delightful to hear?
- B. 1. Give written directions to a stranger in Penfold Market, how to find and recognize Mr. Hornbeam's house.
2. Contrast the advantages and disadvantages of the Home-made House.
3. Make a list of Mr. Hornbeam's four-footed friends — and his feathered ones.
- C. 1. Find a poem by W. H. Davies beginning "What is this life if full of care". Read it aloud and compare what it says with paragraph 3. It sums up all that one looks for and loves in the country.
2. Can any of you describe to the class your idea of making a Home-made House? Where would you build it?

- D. 1. Trace on your map the journey from Leicester to Sussex.
2. Draw the Home-made House by the track on the Downs.